

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

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### CHAPTER LXXIV.

#### THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.

THREE nights after the earthquake we were in the same place, at the same hour. The lurid, still weather was the same as before. The terrible threatening silence which hung over the country remained the same. It seemed to me on this night as if that silence would only be broken by the trump of the resurrection; and I said so to Trevittick.

He took my remark quite *au grand sérieux*, but considered it improbable that the day was near: first, because we had had no portents, nothing but the earthquake and the heat; and next, that he thought it improbable that he would be allowed to rejoin Tom Williams so quickly—his earthly heart had not been sufficiently weaned from him.

We sat a long time, sometimes talking, sometimes in silence, until I heard a distant sound in the forest, to the south, and called Trevittick's attention to it. He said, "I have heard it a long time. There are two men walking, and one is lame."

I had as yet made out nothing more than a rustling in the grass, and every now and then the snapping of a stick; but soon I distinguished that two persons were coming through the wood towards us, uphill.

My nerves were unhinged a little by what had happened lately, a little more

so by the time and place, and more yet by the awful weather. The moon, though of a ghastly red, shed light enough to distinguish surrounding objects distinctly; and I had a nervous terror of the time when the men who approached should come into the range of sight. I had grown afraid of my own shadow. Trevittick might have had strength of mind to live in the atmosphere of terror which he had created for himself without going mad. I most certainly had not.

I listened with fear as the footsteps approached; and suddenly, before those who made them were in sight, the whole forest echoed with my shout. It was no articulate sound I uttered; it was something like Hah! or Here! The forest took up the echoes and prolonged them, and then silence reigned again. The footsteps had ceased.

"What on earth did you do that for?" said Trevittick.

"You heard the footsteps before me; but I knew the voice before you. Did you hear him?"

"I heard a man speak," said Trevittick.

"As I am to be saved by no merits of my own," I said eagerly, "I heard Erne Hillyar's voice. What fools we are! We are on the very bush track by which Lady Hillyar came from Melbourne. It must be them; it shall be them!" I cried, raising my voice, "Erne! Erne! it is I."

It was Erne. There was a feeble shout from below, and we ran down. Before I knew rightly whether my supposition was true or false, I was holding a tall, lean, wan, wasted skeleton of a young man in my arms, and peering into his face. The great blue-black eyes were luminous even in the light of this horrid Hecate of a moon, and the smile was there still. Ah me! yes, it was Erne in the flesh.

What Trevittick did to Tom Williams I don't know. Punched his head, possibly, for upsetting, by his return, a dozen or fourteen as pretty theories about the future of the departed, as Mr. Emerson and Copeland Advocate, with Dick Swiveller to help them, could have made up in a summer's day. He has never spoken to me on religious subjects since. He had laid his proud heart too bare before me during our solitary walks, when we shared a causeless grief, ever to open it again. But among all that man's wild feelings in the dark, among all his honest stumblings in the search of truth, one thing he said remains with me yet, and will remain with me until a light not of this world dawns upon my eyes.

"This world is no place of rewards and punishments. You have seen one instance in proof of it, and have rebelled against that. Mind lest He send you another and more terrible one."

## CHAPTER LXXV.

### THE LONG COURTSHIP COMES TO AN END.

WHEN the morn dawned, I went and looked at Erne as he lay asleep. He was a terrible ruin. Try to picture to yourself some young round face as it will be when it is old, and you will find it impossible. Again imagine that you have skipped forty years, and met that face again. Would you know it? I should hardly have known Erne.

We had a very clever doctor in Romilly, a man so clever and so *répandu* in his profession, that I have known him fetched by steamer to

Melbourne, in what Miss Burke would call "a hurry," to attend important consultations; his expenses and a handsome fee being promised him, and a total immunity against action in civil process being guaranteed him on the honour of the faculty. He had a sympathy with all his patients, inasmuch as he was a prey to a devouring disease himself—that which has been so oddly named, dipsomania, as if an addiction to stimulants had anything to do with thirst. This doctor, when sober (he used to get sober sometimes, as a dissipation, though it played the deuce with his nerves), was a feeble thing, who used to try to dig in his garden; and was always going to give a lecture; but when d—— Well, he never was the worse for liquor, generally rather the better—a perfect king. He had attained such a dictatorship in his profession, that his addiction to brandy was looked on as an amiable weakness by the most respectable people. As for the midwives, they none of them felt really safe without Dr. Cobble. It must not be supposed that the doctor ever got drunk.

Mr. Jeaffreson's charming "Book about Doctors" is incomplete. He should add a chapter on colonial doctors.

I sent for this gentleman to see me, and waited with intense impatience till he came out, for the change in Erne was so great that I had a vague fear that he would die. The weary lassitude, the utter absence of all energy, moral or physical, was so great that I thought it more than probable that he might fail, and die after all.

So I waited for the doctor with great anxiety; and at last he came out. I could gather nothing from his face, and I knew him too well to suppose that I should get anything out of him until I had given him his run; so I had to sit and wait as patiently as I could to the latest instalment of gossip. But I got him some brandy, hoping that would soften his heart, and persuade him to put me out of my misery. If Erne should die after having been restored to us, and if Emma, after hearing of his life, should hear once more of his death, I

almost feared that she would die too. For many reasons was I anxious.

The doctor began. "Lady and baby quite well, hey? Well done. Now don't begin chaffing about Diver's horse. Don't."

I said I wouldn't, and I meant it, for I hadn't a notion what he meant. I knew that Diver's real name was Morecombe, that there had been a sort of murrain among his uncles and aunts, and that he had gone home, exceedingly drunk, as heir apparent to an earldom; but nothing more.

But the story about Diver's horse struck the doctor as being too good not to be told, and it is not a bad story either, though I am not going to tell it, as did the doctor. The story of Diver's horse led up to the story of Dickenson's aunt, which I shan't tell either, because I have forgotten all about it, but I remember it to have been tragic; and this story led to the story of Dickenson's niece, which was funny; and to that of Horton's brother, which was improper. When he had done laughing I put my question to him most earnestly, and he grew serious at once, and answered me.

"There is great mischief: what we call in our loose language, 'a shock to the system.' There is a nasty tympanitic action of the viscera, arising from starvation, giving rise to very distressing symptoms, which I can mend in a fortnight; but I fear that there is a nervous disorder too, a want of vital energy, which not all the doctors—drunken or teetotal—in Australia could mend if they did their *cetera est*, and which I must leave to you, and to some one else, I strongly suspect. I hope there will be no fresh shock or disappointment. If you can, if you love your friend, prevent that. He won't die, I'll go bail for it, but—that man Hillyar has scrofula in his family somewhere."

I eagerly said that such was not the case.

"Pish!" said the doctor. "Don't tell me. Now the muscles of his face are relaxed he shows his teeth like a hare. I say, Burton, have you looked at your barometer?"

"Why?"

"Because mine is drunk."

To get rid of him I took him to see mine in the hall. When he looked at it, he exclaimed,—

"By George, yours is drunk too! Good night. Take an old man's advice, and don't whistle for the next fortnight, not even to call your dog; unless you want the shingles about your ears."

It was but little I cared for barometers that night. I had firm faith in the doctor (indeed I was right in that), and it seemed to me that I held Erne's fate in my hand. I sat with him for half an hour, and then left him with a new light in his eyes; for I had told him, in my rough language, that Emma loved him as dearly as ever; that Joe was to be married, and that she considered that another had relieved her of her watch over him; and that, when she had believed him dead, she had bitterly repented of her treatment of him. She had said to me, I told him, in the silence of the summer's night—

"My brother, I acted from vanity. Don't raise your hand and say No. Be honest, brother. At first, as a child, I thought I saw my way to what all true women love,—a life of self-sacrifice. But, when the necessity for it was gone, as far as regarded our poor deformed brother, the necessity still remained with me; because in my vanity and obstinacy I had *made* it a necessity. I had determined that my life should be sacrificed as a girl; and, when as a woman I found that sacrifice unnecessary, I felt, God forgive me, disappointed. I did not sin at first. My sin only began with my obstinacy; when I began to sacrifice his future to my old dream of staying by poor Joe, and taking the place of a wife to him. Until I saw that that dream was nothing but a dream, and that I was unfit for the task I had undertaken, I had not sinned. But now I know my sin. I have driven the best man I have ever met to despair, and I am reaping the fruits of it by Joe's carelessness of me. Oh, if he would come back again, brother! Oh, if he would only come back again!"

The *Wainoora* was going south the next day, and I sat up and wrote the following letter :—

"DEAREST SISTER,—Erne is not dead, but has come back to us, broken in health, but alive.

"I say nothing of a confidence between us two the night before I was married. I say nothing of *that*. I only call your attention to this; your old causes for refusing Erne were these,—that you must sacrifice your life to Joe; and that you would never drag Erne down to your level by marrying him.

"Both these causes are removed. Joe is now one of the leading men in the colony, and is going to marry this beautiful, wealthy Mrs. North. You are now the great Burton heiress, and Erne, a broken man, is lying in my veranda, looking south, towards the sacred land in which you live.

"Surely, dear sister of my heart, your life's work lies here now. I do not urge on you the fact that I know you love him as well as ever, and that I know no one has stepped in between you two. I only say that mere consistency has absolved you from your resolution, that from a mere sense of duty you ought to hear him plead once more."

I was on board the *Wainoora* early in the morning, with this letter. The commander, Captain Arkwright, was a great friend of mine, and, in defiance of post-office regulations, I entrusted it as a private parcel to his hands. "Give it to her yourself, old fellow," I said, "and get the answer from her. How soon shall you be back?"

"I'll give it to her," he said, "and I'll get an answer from her. With regard to being back, why, ten days."

"Ten days, my good sir!" I exclaimed.

"Ah! ten days, my good sir," he answered. "Yes, and eleven with the barometers all drunk—aneroid, as well as mercurial. I want sea room, I do; I shall run out pretty nigh to New Caledony, to see the French sogers a-drilling.

If I make this port under eastern by south next trip, with this dratted mercury sulking down, by Reid and Maury, I hope I may be made harbour-master of Cape Coast Castle."

He was a good sailor. He was one of those sailors one gets to love by watching them as they, with steadfast faces, hurl their ship through that mad imbroglio which we call a "gale of wind." But he was wrong in this instance. He was back under ten days, and steamed into the bay on a sea so glassy calm, that the ripple of a shark could be seen a mile off, and little following waves, raised by his screw, lived nearly half an hour before they died away upon the face of the waters.

But the melancholy landscape, and the luridly still weather grew bright, fresh, and pleasant to me as I read her letter. There was no barrier between the two, whom, after my wife, I loved best on earth. It was all over now, and a bright, hopeful future in the distance :—

"DEAR BROTHER,—God has been better to me than I deserve. It shall be as he and you wish. If he holds to his mind, let him wait for me in your veranda. If he is not there I shall know that I have tried his patience too long, and shall pray that he will learn to forgive me.

"I will return to you by the *Wainoora*. I would have come this trip, but there is sad trouble here, and I am wanted. It is not trouble about Joe, or about any one whom you love; so do not be alarmed. Lady Hillyar is better, and I thought that I was free; but it has pleased God to find me more work. If it had been work which I could have delegated to any one, even to that blessed saint Miss Burke, I would have done so. But it so happens that no one can do it but myself, and the salvation of an immortal soul is too important a thing to be trifled with. So I have not come this trip, but must wait for the next. I cannot leave my charge until I place her in the hands of my mother.

"May God shower His choicest blessings on all your heads! I hope Fred



has not run away from school again. If he has, kiss him for me, and tell him he must not be so naughty. Kiss dear father and mother for me. And so, good-bye, dear brother of my heart; when we next meet, my face will be so radiant with unutterable happiness, that you will scarcely know me. Good-bye."

The *Wainoora* went south over the great glassy sea, and we began to watch for her return. From my veranda you could see over the forest, and over the bay as far as Cape Pitt, thirty miles off. We sat down and watched for the smoke of the steamer, whose advent was to bring our life's history to an end, at least as far as it need be spoken of. The "laws of fiction" show us, clearly and without argument, that a man's life ceases at marriage.

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

### EMMA IS DETAINED.

THE "Theatre Royal" Palmerston, or as a miserable and effete Squattocracy (with their wretched aping of the still more miserable and effete aristocracy of the old world, said our friend Mr. O'Callaghan) chose to call it, "The Opera House," is arranged on strictly democratic principles.

What the actors call in their quaint self-satisfied slang, "the house," as if the normal destination and mission of bricks and mortar were to form the walls of a theatre, was entirely arranged for the comfort of the great unwashed. The galleries contained more than one half of the audience; and, whether the heavy father gave his blessing, or, the young lady driven to despair by the unprincipled conduct of the British officer, uttered a touching sentiment (said British officer in private life being generally a gentle and kind being, with stores of knowledge about foreign parts, which he is shy of imparting to you for fear of boring you; mostly having a hobby, such as ornithology or chess; a man who, if he gets to like you, is always preternaturally anxious to introduce you

to his mother)—whether, to resume the thread of this most wonderful paragraph, the first tragedian made a point and stopped short, refusing to fulfil his engagement, until the audience had brought their grovelling souls to appreciate the fact; whether the villain of the piece, and his more villainous creature, after discharging accusatory sentences at one another, made like pistol-shot, suddenly stalked across the stage and changed places (and that is the deepest mystery in theatrical ethics); whether the first comedy lady said "Heigh ho" in her lover's absence exactly as we do in private life; or her waiting-maid was "arch," and took up her apron by the corners, when "rallied" about her *penchant* for the groom; in short, whatever of the old time-honoured balderdash was done on the stage, was addressed to the galleries.

For the same democratic reasons, the large hall, which formed the crushroom of the theatre, had drinking-bars erected in it, both on the ground-floor, and in the galleries which run round overhead; and this vestibule was not only common to the galleries, which were filled with the lowest population of the town; the dregs of the offscourings of Great Britain and Ireland, was but also used by Messrs. Pistol and Co., with the dozen or fourteen gentlewomen from Mrs. Quickly's old establishment; who, having nothing to pay for entrance, and as much to drink as they could get the cattle dealers and diggers to treat them to, made the hall a sort of winter garden; and did so amble and giggle, and mince and flounce, and say things, that the Haymarket at one o'clock in the morning after the Derby was not more hideous and revolting than the hall of the opera house at Palmerston. There is one thing certainly which we of Great Britain, Ireland, and our offshoots and dependencies, do in a manner with which no other nation can compete. We exhibit our vice and dissipation with a loathsome indecency which no other group of nations seem to have rivalled. It may be for the best, but it is very ugly.

A little bird has told me that Huskisson Street, Palmerston, and Bourke Street, Melbourne, have been purged with a high hand; though it is still impossible to walk down the Haymarket—and that the class who have been instrumental in doing this are the mechanics—the respectable mechanics who wished to take Mrs. and Miss Mechanic to hear Catherine Hayes, without having their ears polluted by the abominable language of the Haymarket and Newgate combined. If this be so, which I think highly probable, it is a fact for a certain party, to which they are welcome. If all mechanics were like the Burtons, three cheers for the six-pounders.

But this arrangement prevailed in the time I speak of both at Palmerston and Melbourne. It was difficult for any lady to get to her carriage without being insulted several times; either by the dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, or by that strange young cad in knee-breeches and boots, who carries a whip, but never crossed a horse; who, I fancy, is generally some twopenny-halfpenny clerk, who gets himself up like a fancy stock-rider to give himself a bush flavour. Consequently, when Mrs. Oxton and Emma Burton had stood for a quarter of an hour at the bottom of the staircase which leads down from the dress-boxes, they began to think how they were to get through the disgraceful, drunken crowd before them, and to wish that Mr. Oxton and Joseph Burton, who had promised to come for them, had not been detained so late at the houses; the more particularly as they had brought poor, silly Lady Hillyar out, for the first time, that night, and she, feeling tired, was insisting on sitting on the stairs, and playing draughts on the squares of the oilcloth with the blossoms out of her bouquet.

"What shall we do, dear?" said Mrs. Oxton to Emma.

Said Gerty, who was as eminently practical as Mrs. Micawber, the most so when most cracked, "Send the box-keeper to tell them that if they use any more language, we'll have the triangles

out, and give them half a hundred apiece."

Emma did not know what to do just then. She was rather glad of the pause, for she had been crying, and perhaps was quietly crying still. Her brother James's letter, telling her that Ernie had come back alive, had not reached her yet. Lady Hillyar was so much better, that she had forgotten her crazy jealousy against her sister and brother-in-law, and had received them with affectionate penitence. So Emma's work was done in that quarter, and her old grief had come on her again, demanding some diversion. Very soon she found such diversion, and cried no more; but now she was low and tearful, for the play, and what followed it, had upset her.

Catherine Hayes had been singing *Norma* so carefully, so diligently, and with such exquisite feeling, that one dared not say that there were any notes of which she was not quite mistress, high up in her glorious gamut. The ill-behaved, ill-educated audience had encored her until she was weary, but she had always come back and had done her best for them, until she was quite weary. When it was all over, they called her before the curtain; but this was not enough for them. She was going to Sydney the next day, and from thence to England, and a loud and universal cry gathered and grew through the theatre, "Last night, Kate! last night! A song! a song!"

In one of the pauses of the clamour a voice was heard—"One more song for the honour of Old England."

Another voice, which few failed to recognise for that of Mr. O'Callagan, was heard from pit to gallery,—

"It's little music of that kind that ye'll get out of dirthy old Ireland. One more song, darlin', for the love of old Ireland!"

Whether the old music of her native dialect was too much for her, or whether she was a little *tête montée* with the long and enthusiastic applause, we cannot say, but she came before the curtain, and, without the orchestra, in her dress as *Norma*, amidst a silence that could be

felt, she broke out with the most beautiful, if I may decide, of all Moore's ballads, "The Last Rose of Summer."

Towards the close of each verse, the godlike voice went sweeping through the airy fields of sound like a lark upon the wing, till it paused aloft in a wild melancholy minor, and then came gently down like the weary bird, dropping, tired, sad with too much joy, to his nest amidst the corn.

"You might have heard a pin drop," to use an old figure of speech. Not only did she feel every word of what she was singing, but the hand of death was upon her, and she not only knew it herself, but made her audience, wild and uneducated as they were, understand that she was to be listened to now, not as *Norma* in Italian, but as Catherine Hayes in Irish. She was gone before the applause burst out.

"The wild swan's death-note took the soul  
Of that waste place with joy."

And Emma, overcome by that strange, wild wail, had hardly recovered herself before she was, with Mrs. Oxtan and Lady Hillyar, at the bottom of the stairs, Lady Hillyar, playing chess with flowers, and Mrs. Oxtan, saying, "My dear, how ever shall we get to our carriage!"

Something to do. For that quietly diligent soul, anything was better than inaction. Partly from old, old habit, and partly because she had found lately that the old habits of activity and self-sacrifice were the best antidote for sorrow, she had got into the way of doing without hesitation the first thing that presented itself to her hand. It was only forcing her way through a crowd of drunken blackguards just now: but it led to fresh work, heavy work too, as we shall see.

"I'll go, dear Agnes," she said to Mrs. Oxtan; "their language is nothing to me; I was brought up among it. Stay here and watch Gerty, and I will go and see after the carriage."

She pulled her opera cloak about her, drew herself up, set her mouth, and launched herself on the sea of low dissipation which lay before her.

The presence of such a proud,

imperial figure as this blacksmith's daughter, protesting against these Comus revels, with her calm, high-bred, beautiful face, and with the atmosphere of purity and goodness, which shone about her head like the glory of a saint, produced an immediate effect—an effect so great that, had she carried the flaming sword of an angel in her hand, she could scarce have made her way more effectually. The men made room for her, and pulled those who had not noticed her approach, out of her way. The miserable women who were mixed with them stayed their babble and were silent, as she passed down the lane which had been opened for her. Some, with evil, lowering faces, scowled on her, as though they would have said, "You may come to be the same as we, my fine lady, some day, curse you;" some, flippant and silly, were only silent because the others were silent, and waited to resume their silly tattle till she had gone by: and some,—ah, the weary day—felt the blood rush up over their worn, hectic features, and said, "Time was when we might have been as she is; but the grave is cold, and hell is beyond it."

But Emma, passing among these women, seemed to create an atmosphere of silence. She knew the world, she knew how these women lived, and what they were; and her heart was pitiful towards them, and swelled until her great eyes grew larger and prepared themselves for tears. But the tears never came; for before her was a knot of the devil's tying, which would not untie itself at her mere presence: an imbroglio which had raised the passions of the bystanders from mere prurient frivolity, into ferocious attention. There was a crowd which would not dissolve before her, and from the centre of it came the shrill, horrible sound of two desperate women quarrelling.

She caught sight of Miss Burke at the other side of the crowd. She understood in an instant that that most indefatigable of friends had come back to their assistance, and she waved her hand to her, and pointed to the stair-

case where were Aggy and Gerty : the next moment, by a surge in the crowd, she was thrust near enough to the women who were quarrelling to see the whole thing. For one moment her heart sank within her, and she grew faint, and tried to turn ; but in the next her resolution was taken, and, muttering a short prayer to herself, she began to force her way towards the two unfortunate combatants.

"She may be saved yet. Oh God, have mercy on her."

She might well say so. In a ring before her ; in a ring of faces—stupid, idle, brutish, curious, cunning, silly, devilish—stood Mrs. Clayton, once pretty Polly Martin, once Mrs. Avery, and Mrs. Quickly, face to face at last. Masks torn off, all concealment thrown to the winds, baring the hideousness of their previous lives to the ribald bystanders in hot, hissing words, too horrible to be repeated.

They had assaulted one another it seemed ; for poor Mrs. Clayton's bonnet was off her head, and her still splendid hair was gradually falling down loop by loop as she shook her head in cursing Mrs. Quickly. As for Mrs. Quickly, not only was her bonnet gone, but her decorous, gray, matronly front, an expensive article, manufactured for her own consumption, also ; and she stood with her wicked old head nearly bare, and her beautiful long white fingers opening and shutting like a cat's claws.

"Come on," she cried, "you devil. I'm an old woman, but I'm good for a scrimmage with such as you still. Come on."

Hush ! If you want this sort of thing, go to the places where it is to be seen for yourself. We are going a far different road.

Before Mrs. Quickly had half finished her turn of evil words—before her wicked old tongue had half wearied itself with the outpourings of her wicked old heart—Emma had pushed her way into the circle, had taken Mrs. Clayton round the waist, and had said, "Polly, dear, come home with me ;" and the wretched woman had fallen

crying on Emma's bosom, and had let herself be led away. This was the more easily accomplished, as a singular diversion had been made, and the crowd had been in serious hopes of another row. Mrs. Quickly had found herself suddenly confronted with Miss Burke, who stood grand, majestic, and scornful before her, and who said in a sharp, snarling voice, without one trace of "brogue"—

"Not another word, you wicked old wretch. That woman's sins are known to me and to God ; her efforts at repentance are known to me and to God also. And I and God know also how you came between her and salvation—how you wound yourself into her house, held the knowledge of her former life over her head, and drove her once more into her old habits. I think that, if I were to tell this crowd the truth—how in a drunken squabble you laid her whole past life bare before her husband ; not because it could do any good, but out of spite—this crowd, composed even of such as it is, would tear you to pieces. Get home, you miserable old woman, and try to repent."

Mrs. Quickly undid her gown at the throat, and gasped for breath ; then she shook her hands to and fro loosely, as though she was playing the tambourine ; clutched her hair wildly, drummed with her heels, bit her fingers, and took a short run with her arms over her head ; stopped and moaned ; then took a longer and more frantic run, and hurled herself down in the gutter outside, and then lay there kicking. An unappreciative world this ! She was fished out of that gutter, as a mere drunken woman, by an utterly unsympathetic constabulary, who could not be brought to an appreciation of her wrongs, but took her as a piece of business—an unexpected order, troublesome to execute and unremunerative, but coming into their weary day's work. A most bitter and hard-hearted world ! By the time she had done all this, so well had the retreat been covered by Miss Burke, that Emma had got her unresisting charge safe away, and had very soon landed her in her own house. At first

Mrs. Clayton only cast herself on the ground, with her face hidden, moaning; but after a time her moans grew articulate, though monotonous. "Let me go and make away with myself! Let me go and make away with myself!"

Emma knelt beside her on the floor, but the poor woman only shrunk from her touch, and went on with the same low wail. At last Emma tried praying, and that quieted her; till by degrees she let Emma's arm steal round her waist, and she laid her burning head upon Emma's bosom, and began in wild starts and with long interruptions to tell her tale.

"She found me out as soon as I married him. I thought that, when I married, my whole hideous life was a thing of the past. I did not think how wickedly I was deceiving him. I thought it was all past and gone for ever. I had tried so hard, and had repented so sincerely, that I thought some mercy would have been shown me; but, when she found me out at the end of the three months, I knew that I was to be punished for my deceit, and that he, poor innocent—my poor old Jack; my poor, kind, loving, innocent, old Jack—oh, my God! I'll tear the hair out of my head—that he was to be punished through me. And she tempted me to the drink; and I was glad of it, for I had a horrible life, never knowing what she would say or do. And she would sit opposite me half the day with her arms folded, magging and growling at me—at me who was always so kind to her, and never offended her; and she would play with my terror as a cat plays with a mouse; and oh! she is a devil! devil! devil!"

"Hush, dear, hush!"

"I used to wish her dead, Emma. I used to wish that I dared murder her; but I saw that servant-girl hung at Bristol, and that stopped me. I tried to keep civil to her, but I could not do it. We had many quarrels, and I knew how dangerous quarrelling was, and vowed each one should be the last. But when the drink was in me I used to break out. And last week we had

the finishing quarrel. I broke out at her, and called her such dreadful things that she sat white with savageness, and then got up and went to the room where *he* was. I saw that she was gone to tell him, but I was too wild to stop her; I threw the worst word of all at her as she went. And then I saw him go riding across the plain with his head bowed down; and then she came back and told me that she had told him, and that he had taken down the Testament and had sworn that he would never, never see me again."

Emma started suddenly, and clenched her hand. It would have been ill for Mrs. Quickly to have seen the look of withering scorn and anger which flashed from her beautiful face as the poor woman spoke that last sentence; but she said not one word.

"And so I got my horse and rode away here. And she followed me, and I met her again and did not kill her. And she got me to go to where you found me; because she said he was going to the play with another woman. And once I caught her eye, and knew by her wicked leer that she was lying to me about him, and then I fell upon her and tried to tear her treacherous old heart out."

"Hush, dear," said Emma once more. "That woman got you to go to that dreadful place in order to compromise your character again;" and the poor woman grew quieter once more.

"And I shall never, never see him any more," she went on moaning; "and I love him, love him with the whole of my rotten heart. And he will shudder when he hears my wretched name. And he loved *me* once. Oh, my God!"

"He loves you still, my poor Mary," said Emma. "That wicked woman has utterly deceived you. Both Miss Burke and I heard from him this morning, begging her, because she is never behind in a good work, and me, because I have known you ever since I was a child, to search you out, and tell you that he forgives you, all, everything, and loves you the same as ever. That he will cherish you through life, and lie in the same grave with you in death."



The poor thing only turned over on the ground again, and fell to moaning once more. "Oh, I daren't look upon his face again. I shall die if he looks at me. Oh, let me go and make away with myself! If you leave me alone, I will go and make away with myself."

So Emma stayed with her; and on the third day, like a great illuminating blaze of lightning, came her brother James's letter. Erne was not dead, and loved her still.

She would have gone to him at once, but the brooding figure before her appealed to her too strongly. She had asked humbly to be taken to Mrs. Burton when she was well enough to move, and prayed Emma not to leave her. She was not safe alone, she said. So that Emma waited for the next voyage of the *Wainoora*, as we already know from James Burton's story.

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY.—CAPTAIN ARKWRIGHT GOES BACK ONCE MORE.

So the *Wainoora* went south again over the calm sea, and Erne and I sat in the veranda, waiting for her return.

"In any other quarter of the world," said Captain Arkwright to me in the billiard-room the night before she sailed, "we should have had a gale of wind after all this brooding weather, and this low mercury. I made sure of it last trip; but, since you have told me of this earthquake, which you and Trevittick felt beyond the hill, I am getting less cautious. *That* is what is the matter; that is what is lowering the barometer so, and making this God-forsaken weather. It was just the same at Pernambuco" (he said Pernambuco) "five years ago, and at Valparaiso" (he said Walloparaiser) "when I was a boy; the time when I was cook's mate's master's mate in that—never you mind," he went on, a little sulkily, though I had not spoken—"that ain't no odds to you. You was only a smith yourself once, you know. And we must all on us have a beginning, of

some sort or another. Even dukes and marquises, as I understand, has to serve their time as earls and barons, and learn their duty, before the Queen will rate them as A. B. By-the-bye, did your night-shift in the mine feel it?"

"They *heard* it plain enough," I answered, "and stampeded; but, when they came back, the candles were all burning, and not so much as a handful of dust had fallen."

"These Australian earthquakes are very partial," said Captain Arkwright; "but law! you don't know what may happen. Well, I'll bring Miss Burton back to you as quick as I can. I like having that woman on board my ship; it is as good as fifty underwritings. I'd go through Torres Straits and chance losing my insurance, if I had her aboard."

"She likes the sea, skipper," I said; "at least she has taken to like it since she sailed with you."

"Well, now, that's true; though I'm afraid you are learning the bad habits of the upper orders, gentleman Jim, and mean a compliment."

"So I did, skipper," I retorted. "And, if you are going to be nasty about it, you shall have it hot and heavy. I'd sooner sail with you than with any sailor I ever saw. For you are out-and-out the best company—leave alone the best sailor—and one of the best fellows I ever knew. Now, then. Come. You've got a deal by growling."

"Shut up! shut up! shut up!" said the skipper. "I told you you were getting corrupted. But I say, old fellow," he continued, lowering his voice, "tell us, is there anything between her and Mr. Hillyar?"

"She is going to marry him, that is all," I said, in a triumphant whisper.

"Hoo-ray!" said the skipper. "I knew there was some one, from her always staying so late on deck, and watching the coast; and from her standing alone, an hour together, and looking at the engine; and from her beautiful talk to me about the sea-birds, and the islands, and such like; but I never knew who it was. No man is worthy of her, that's one thing."

"He is," I answered.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the skipper. "Lord bless you! I see it all, and so did my wife, the very last trip she came with us, my wife being aboard with the young uns for air. It was blowing pretty high guns, sou'-eastern by east, off shore; and when, we come to the harbour's mouth, there was Tom Wyatt, with his pilot just aboard, beating in with railway iron, and an assorted lot from London, in that —. I don't want to be vulgar. I never *am* vulgar before I am three-quarters tight, but that ship was, and is, a canine female which neither I nor no other pilot in the harbour could ever get about without swearing at her till the rigging frayed out through the pitch. I don't want to bear hard on her owner, nor no other man. But for laying that ship to, in a gale of wind, why, I wish he'd do it himself. That he is the best shipbuilder in the world, I don't deny; but why Providence picked me out to take that earliest experiment of his into harbour the first month of my appointment and risk my certificate, I shall never know. Well, as I was saying, Tom, he hails me to take him on board, and give him a cast up the harbour, for God's sake. And I, knowing what he was so mad about, knowing that he had left his wife a year ago, three months gone, slackened and sent a boat for him; for all his'n were gone, in a cyclone off Kerguelen's Land, he having took to sail by Maury, and having made southing. And my lads (you know the sort I sail with) had the boat in before five minutes were gone, though I didn't half like it; for the whale-boat that had put his pilot on board had been devilish near swamped, and was making rather bad weather of it to leeward. However, he got into our dingy somehow, and I was thinking how the deuce we should get him on board, when your sister comes up to me, with the speaking-trumpet in her hand, and she says,—"Captain Arkwright, put him out of his misery. Think what it would be to you, if you were uncertain whether those you loved best on earth were alive

or dead." And I see what she meant, though I had intended to wait till he got on board. So I takes the trumpet and I hollers, 'She is all right, and the kid, too.' And we seen him, my wife and me and your sister, bend down over the thwart with his face in his hands: and then I knew that your sister was right. And he came aboard, Lord knows how, and had a wash and a shave, and tried to eat his breakfast, but couldn't."

I recognised my sister's hand here, most entirely, and I told him so, but he went on with his narrative.

"And when I went to my cabin, my wife says to me, 'She's got it,' and I said, 'Who's got it?' 'Emma Burton,' she says. And I said, 'What's she got, the rheumatis?' And she said, 'You needn't be a fool, for you know what I mean well enough. *She's got it*, and all I hope is that he is worthy of her, that is all—nothing more. I hope he may be worthy of her.' No, Jim, we knew there was some one, but we never knew who it was."

And with such discourse we wiled away the night with that curious and occasionally pleasant, disregard of night and day, which is only to be found among working sailors and young ladies who are dancing with a view to matrimony. I have forgotten as much of the art of navigation as I once knew, but I have a hazy idea still, in this year 1862, that the first dog-watch is coincident with supper time. Don't ask me for any moral reflection on this point; and, as for making fun just now, why men have made fun in strange places.

## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

### THE CYCLONE.

On the sixth day after the departure of the steamer, the dull, close, brooding weather came to an end. Arkwright was wrong. It was the dread pause before the hurricane.

At eleven o'clock in the morning we were standing together at the fence at

the lower end of my garden, looking across the bay, when our attention was attracted to a vivid green cloud approaching with horrible rapidity from over the sea ; and at the same time we became aware of a dull roar which grew upon the ear each moment. Before we had at all appreciated the dreadful disaster which had fallen upon the unfortunate town, I saw the first house struck by the wind fall crashing over after half a minute's resistance, an utter ruin, the shingles and weather-boards, which had composed it, flying before the blast like chips of cardboard. Instantly, or it seemed to us instantly, we were thrown headlong down, bruised and terrified ; and the wind, seizing the earth, raised an atmosphere of flying stones and sand to a height of some six feet from the ground, which followed its course, as it seemed to us, with the rapidity of a projectile, and lacerated our hands and faces until the blood ran from them.

I raised myself as well as I could, holding on by the post of the garden gate, and looked towards my house, expecting to see it in ruins ; but close as it was I could not see it, for the unnatural driving fog which was between me and it. A fog of stones, and dust, and sticks, and boughs ; nay, even as we found afterwards, of seaweed, which must have been carried above a mile, and fierce stinging rain, which I thought was from above, but which was only the spray blown from the surface of the ocean, a mile off. Through this I forced my way to the house, shouting for my wife, expecting to find only a heap of ruins, in which I must dig to recover the mutilated bodies of my dear ones. But it was standing safe. Emma's good taste in persuading me to leave the box forest, standing round it, had saved us. The windward trees were blown in on those inside, which were still standing, and tangled with those into a screen which even the hurricane could not penetrate, and which left my house in comparative calm ; so much so, that it became the hospital of the town. I cannot help remembering now, as a noticeable fact, that the whole thing was so strange, so

beyond experience, that my wife, though deadly pale, and too frightened to show her fright, *had not the least idea of what had happened.* When I explained to her that it was the wind, she did not understand me.

Erne forced his way into the house, and we three stood staring at one another. I was the first to look out at the door, and the first thing I saw was the newly-built wooden church disappearing, board by board, shingle by shingle, as if with an invisible fire. The thought of my father and mother came over me with a shock, and I dashed out of the house, and sped away towards their house—not two hundred yards away—down the wind. I was blown over and bruised in an instant. Now I was up, now I was down again ; now trying to stop and see where I was going, and now falling headlong over some heap of incongruous ruin, already half piled over with a heap of fuming sand.

This was the house. These three corner posts, standing still against the wind, and that heap of rubbish lying to leeward, already burning fiercely with a lurid, white heat, at the edge where it was smitten by the wind. But, thank God, here they were, safe and sound—my mother crouched behind a rock, and my father bending over her ; the dear old gentleman with his coat off, trying to shield her sacred head from the furious tornado.

We had to wait for a lull in the wind. Martha says I was away nearly two hours—I should have said ten minutes. How we got back over that two hundred yards I don't know, more than that my father and I struggled on first, arm-in-arm, dragging her behind us, with a shawl passed round her waist : but we got there somehow. Martha, with the child, the two maids, and my groom, were all standing close together near the door, silent and terrified. I saw that Erne was standing by the fire-place, but I knew that his thoughts were the same as mine ; so I dared not look at him, for fear of seeing my own fear look at me out of his eyes.

The storm raged on, how long I can-

not say, nor can I say whether we were silent all the time, or whether we talked incessantly. But at the end of some period a figure stalked in through the door and confronted us.

Trevittick, bareheaded, bloody, in his shirt and trousers only! To my London mind, so jealous of any departure from my own particular conventionalism, Trevittick always appeared more than half mad. On the present occasion, it occurred to my excited brain that, if all the devils which possessed the Gadarene swine had entered into the most hopeless lunatic in Tyre or Sidon, he would have looked uncommonly like Trevittick, as he came hurling in out of the wild witch Sabbath of the winds, which was tormenting the terrified earth without. And, upon my word, I believe I am right; a Jew or a Cornish Phœnician can look wonderfully mad on the slightest occasion. But I succumbed to Trevittick after this. I never accused him of being mad any more.

"What are you doing here?" he said, in a loud, angry growl. "Four able-bodied men here in a place of safety, among the women, on such a day of wrath as this! Do you know that the town is destroyed and on fire, and I who have been expecting to hear the last trump sound every day for I know not how long, come back from my work and find you hiding here. Cowards, come on!"

We went out at once with him into the gale—Erne and my groom first, my father and I followed with Trevittick.

"Trevittick," said my father, "you are in one of your moods. Drop it a bit, old chap, and answer me a question or two. Will this storm extend very far?"

"My dear Mr. Burton," said Trevittick, in quite another tone, "I cannot say for another hour or two; if the wind shifts rapidly, we may hope, according to my theory, that the diameter of the storm is small. If it holds in the same quarter long we may conclude that the diameter is greater. But it is impossible to say whether the wind is shifting yet; I cannot decide for another two hours,

but I like the look of these lulls, and this sudden violence, I confess."

"But, in God's name, what do you think of it, Trevittick?"

"I don't like it altogether," said Trevittick; "the preparation was so long. The same weather and height of mercury was reported from Palmerston by Arkwright. I must tell the truth, Mr. Burton; I cannot lie. It looks to me like a 1783 business."

"Now, Trevittick," said my father, "we are both driving at the same point. Speak the word for me—I dare not speak it myself."

"The *Wainoora*?"

"Ah!"

"I hope she is in the lee of the Bird Islands—I hope so; she may be."

"Then do you think she has sailed?" said my father.

"She sailed," said Trevittick, taking my father's arm, and speaking slowly, "on the 11:30 flood on Wednesday. If she didn't, take my shares and get a new manager. Arkwright was deceived about the weather and the mercury, for he told you so. I, loving you and yours, calculated every chance, as you see. I was deceived too, for I got it into my head that the Lord was coming, in clouds of glory, with all His angels around Him, angels and archangels, and all the company of glorified saints, with crowns of gold—stop me, stop me!—the *Wainoora*!"

"Ay, the *Wainoora*, old friend," said my father, quietly.

"And the sea gave up her dead," replied Trevittick, wildly throwing his hands over his head; "and they cast down their golden crowns—hush!—I'll be still directly. The town's a-fire, and that has excited me; I haven't got your dull Saxon blood, you know. The *Wainoora*?—why she may have got to the leeward of the Bird Islands. That is our chance. But don't anticipate. Keep Mr. Hillyar at work, and work yourself. Don't think of it."

And, indeed, there was little time to think; for the town was a heap of ruins, which began to blaze up more strongly as the wind partially lulled. Scarcely

any house in the great straggling village had been without a fire of logs when the wind smote it, and the flimsy wooden houses—their materials dried to the extreme pitch of inflammability—had been blown down on these fires ; and each domestic hearth had become a further source of horror. When we got to the end of the main street, we saw little besides grey heaps of ruins, rapidly igniting ; the smoke from which was being carried into the dark storm-tossed forest beyond, making its long aisles dim with a low-lying, driving mist of smoke.

Erne rushed headlong into the thick of it, after Trevittick. His strength came back under his wild excitement, and his eagerness to forget himself. It was not so with either myself or my father. We worked, certainly, always keeping close together, but we worked without much heart, in spite of the horrors around us : what those horrors were it is no part of my duty to describe. When the tale was made up there were forty-six dead, of which number fifteen had been burnt to death while lying helpless under the ruins. Others who were saved, and lived, were terribly scorched and maimed. The total number of killed and wounded was but little under one hundred.

It was thirty-four hours before the centre of this dreadful cyclone reached us. Within an hour or two of the beginning of it, the forest had caught fire, and the fire had gone roaring off inland ; so that the first night, in addition to our other terrors, we had the crowning one of a wall of seething fire to the leeward, barred by the tall black stems of the box trees ; a hell of fire, in which animal life could not exist. But by the time that the centre had reached us, the fire had passed away, and left only a ruined, smouldering forest behind it. When the calm came, the deadly stillness was only broken by the crash of falling boughs from the still burning trees, or by the thundering fall of some great monarch of the forest, which, having withstood the wind, had at last succumbed to the gnawing flame.

When the calm came, I saw Erne for the first time, for he had been in the thick of it with Trevittick. He was wild, pale, and wan ; burnt dreadfully across his face, which was blackened with smoke ; his clothes torn and scorched, with one bruised arm slung up across his breast : nothing left of the handsome old Erne but the two blue black eyes, blazing brighter than ever. He came to me, just as my father had finished saying the prayer, "Lord, receive the soul of this Thy servant," over Tim Reilly, the horse-stealer, who had stolen his last steed and shut the stable door.

"So this is the end of it all," said Erne. "Have you been down to the bay? Every ship is ashore or sunk. I agree with Trevittick : this is the beginning of the end. Human life is about to become impossible on the face of the globe. It will not be long now before the more visible portents will begin to show themselves."

Trevittick had done his work pretty quickly. He had contrived to put a larger quantity of his own nonsense into Erne's head in four and thirty hours than I should have conceived possible. And Erne had never lost that childishness which had been so carefully fostered by his father ; so the soil, for that sort of thing, was in a good state. Erne, lowered by illness, famine, and hardship—maddened by the scene around him, and the full certainty that Emma must have perished—took to Trevittick's nonsense as a child takes to its mother's milk. Trevittick's theory that the end of the world had come had the effect of making all other things look small and insignificant, and I believe was partly the cause of his not going mad.

If poor Erne looked wild and terrible in the midst of the havoc, what shall I say of Trevittick himself, as he came up to us during the lull, asking for water? A zealot driven from court to court of the burning temple, pausing for one more wild rush upon the Roman spears, must have looked very like him. His Jewish face, wearing that look of determined strength, and yet of wild, half-subdued passion, which we Londoners



know well, and dislike to face if we can help it, was more strange and awful than his bare scorched bosom, or the blood which had soaked through his clothes, and even now trickled on the ground where he stood. He drank water eagerly, and then beckoned me to come aside with him.

I expected to hear some wild outbreak of fanaticism, some mad nonsense or another. But no. He had reserved all that sort of thing for Erne, it seemed, and now talked the commonest, shrewdest sense.

"It will be all over in twenty hours,"

he said; "we shall have the wind back from the other quarter directly. As soon as you can travel, get out the horses, and take Erne south till you meet the mail. If the *Wainoora* has sailed, she is wrecked. If so, she is wrecked somewhere on the coast. Keep him riding up and down the coast, looking for intelligence of her, so that, if the worst has happened, it may come over his mind by degrees, and while he is active, for I don't like the look of his eyes. Take Tom Williams with you, and go."

*To be continued.*

## EARLY YEARS OF ERASMUS.

BY JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. F.L.S.

THERE is a little town near Rotterdam which the English call Gouda, and which is known in Holland as Tergouw. Famous for a great church with painted windows, it was once famous for its tobacco-pipes, and is still renowned for its cheeses. But at the distant day to which our story goes back there were no pipes, for as yet there was no tobacco, and the Brothers Crabeth had not yet glorified the Jans Kerk with their translucent jewellery. There then lived at Gouda an old couple, Helias and Catharine, who, although they had no daughter, rejoiced in ten sons. Of these, the youngest save one was bright and clever, brimming over with mirth, a beautiful penman and a capital scholar, and, by reason of his wit and exuberant spirits, a great favourite with his companions. He had become warmly attached to a physician's daughter, but he was not allowed to marry her. At that time, where sons were very numerous, it was a favourite plan to send one into a convent, thus making the best of both worlds; for, whilst a handsome amount of merit was credited to the family at large, the earthly inheritance made a better dividend among the secular members. For carrying out this excellent

arrangement Gerrit was deemed most suitable. As a monk he could turn to the best account his Latin and his clerly hand; but from the cloister his gay temperament and strong affections were utterly abhorrent. Marriage or no marriage, his attachment to the physician's daughter still continued, and vows of indissoluble union passed between them. At last poor Margaret disappeared from Gouda and places where she was known; and by-and-by in the city of Rotterdam a hapless babe made its forlorn and unwelcome entrance into the world, as it is said another had done in circumstances too similar some time beforehand.<sup>1</sup>

When we were last in Rotterdam, standing in the Groot Markt in front of a statue inscribed, "Here rose the mighty sun," &c., we thought of that dim and unlikely morning when he first peeped forth on the unsuspecting city.

<sup>1</sup> The best biographer of Erasmus, Hess (Zürich, 1790, erste Hälfte, p. 26) argues against the existence of this brother; but there is no withstanding the minute details of the well-known epistle to Grunnius, *Erasmii Opp.* iii. coll. 1821—1825, confirmed as they are by the casual allusion in the letter to Heemstede, where he says, "The death of my own brother did not overwhelm me; the loss of Froben is more than I can bear," *Opp.* iii. col. 1053 (Amsterdam edition, 1703).

Amongst the peasantry and greengrocers it was of no use to look out for faces resembling the statue; but, with its round cheeks and padded cap, a little creature lay asleep in a wheelbarrow amongst cabbages and onions, and we fancied that Erasmus, when six months old, must have looked very like his little compatriot. "Where is the house of Erasmus?" we asked a policeman; and, in that variety of the Aberdonian called Dutch, he made answer, "Daar is de man," pointing to the statue, "en hier is 't huis waar hij geboren war," at the same time conducting us a few steps till we were opposite a narrow building in the Breede Kerksteeg. Here, too, there was a tiny statue in front, much in the same style as on John Knox's house in the Canongate, and under it a halting hexameter, "Small is the house, yet within it was born the immortal Erasmus."<sup>1</sup>

We know that it was on the 28th of October that this event took place, and at three in the morning; but the year has been disputed. His own impressions on the subject seem to have fluctuated a little; or, rather, as he advanced in life he seems to have found reason for believing that he was not so young by a year or two as he had once supposed. The preponderance of proof is in favour of 1465. Assuming this date as correct, the present year brings us to his *fourth* centenary.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Hæc est parva domus, magnus quæ natus Erasmus."

<sup>2</sup> The date given above is that which has been adopted by Hallam, "Literature of Europe," sixth edition, vol. i. p. 292, although Bayle, Jortin, and almost all the biographers of Erasmus, following the inscription on his statue at Rotterdam, have set down 1467. At one period of his life this latter date was accepted by himself. In his poem on "Old Age," composed in 1507, he says that he will not be forty till October next:—

"nec adhuc Phœbeius orbis  
Quadrages rexit  
Natalem lucem, quæ bruma ineunte calendas  
Quinta anteit Novembreis."

Opp. iv. col. 756.

But subsequently it would seem that he had found reason to throw his birth-year farther back. He writes to Budæus, Feb. 15, 1516, "If neither of us err in our calculation, there is not much difference in our age; I am in my

It was the fashion of that time for scholars to "cover with well-sounding Greek" or Latin the names of their harsh vernacular. The French Petit was Parvus; the English Fisher was translated into Piscator, and Bullock became Bovillus; and Dutch and German cultivators of the learned languages escaped from their native Van Horn, de Hondt, Neuenaar, Rabenstein, Reuchlin, Hussgen (= Hausschein), Schwarzerd, into the more euphonious Ceratinus, Canius, De Novâ Aquilâ or Neoaëtus, Coracopetra, Capnio, Cœolampadius, Melanchthon. In the same way, when our hero grew up, believing that his own and his father's name had something to do with amia-fifty-first year (siquidem ego jam annum ago primum et quinquagesimum) and you say that you are not far from your fifty-second." Opp. iii. 178 B. Again, in a letter to Gratian, March 15, 1528, "As for my age, I think that I have now reached the year in which Tully died," Opp. iii. 1067 B. In that case he could not have been born later than 1465: for it was in his sixty-fourth year that Cicero died. No doubt his "arbitror" in the passage last quoted, and similar expressions elsewhere, show that his own mind was not quite clear on the subject; but they also show that he had found reason to suspect that he was older than he fancied when he wrote his poem on "Old Age." The inscription on his tomb at Basil speaks of him as dying in 1536, "jam septuagenarius," and his friend and biographer, Beatus Rhenanus, says, "He had reached his seventieth year, which the prophet David \* has assigned as the ordinary limit of man's life: at least, he had not far exceeded it; for as to the year in which he was born amongst the Batavians we are not quite sure, though sure of the day, which was the 28th of October, the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude." Whatsoever may have been the circumstances which led him in later life to alter his estimate of his own age and add to it two years, we cannot but feel that the presumptions are in favour of 1465; and one advantage of the earlier date is that it renders more intelligible, we might say more credible, some incidents recorded of his boyhood. We do not know how long he was a chorister at Utrecht, but it is easier to believe that he was eleven than nine when he ceased to be a singing boy; and if, instead of thirteen, we suppose him to have been fifteen when his father died, we can better understand how before leaving Deventer he had got the whole of Horace and Terence by heart, and had already mastered the Dialectics of Petrus Hispanus (see Opp. iii. 1822 F).

\* The ninetieth Psalm is usually ascribed not to David but Moses; see its title.

bility or fondness,<sup>1</sup> he made Gerrit Geritzoon for ever classical as *DESIDERIUS ERASMUS*. To the second name exception has been taken by the adherents of jots and tittles, and in his old age he tacitly conceded that the insertion of an *iota* would have made it better Greek, when he christened his little godson Erasmus Froben. However, in behalf of his own earlier choice, it must be remembered that he had good authority. Long before his day there was a saint called Erasmus, whose castle has for many ages stood the guardian of Naples Bay and city, and who still on dark nights hangs out from the mast-head his lantern to warn Mediterranean seamen of the coming tempest. Elmo is a liquefaction of the harsher Erasmus, and no doubt the electric saint was present to the thoughts of the young Dutchman when he exchanged his patronymic, and to his own good Greek preferred the good name of the Italian tutelary.

Tired out by the resistance of his relatives, and despairing of being ever lawfully wedded to his Margaret, before the birth of Erasmus, Gerrit, the father, left his home at Gouda and wrote to his parents that he would return no more. He went as far as Rome. Here his caligraphy served him in good stead. Printing was still a new invention, and an excellent income could be earned by copying books. At the same time he went on to study law and improve himself in Greek—most likely with a secret hope that he might some day go back a travelled scholar and an independent man, and claim his affianced. That hope was rudely crushed. A letter came announcing that Margaret was gone. There was now no reason why he should continue to withstand parental urgency. The tie which held him to the secular

life was broken; he renounced the world, and was ordained a priest.

Time passed on, and he returned to Gouda, no longer to set the village in a roar with fun and frolic, but a sober ecclesiastic, under his sacred vestments bringing back the contrition of the penitent as well as the tender grief of the mourner. Here, however, a surprise awaited him. With a frightful shock of joy and consternation he found Margaret still living. The letter of his brothers had been a lie, but the lie had fulfilled its purpose. It had caused the despairing lover to leap the chasm which, in a moment crossed, now yawned a great gulf betwixt himself and the object of his affection; and, although he would have now gladly made reparation for his grievous wrong, and although history records that, the fatal error excepted, she was good and gentle and all that could be wished for in a wife, the vows of Rome were on him, and he kept them with stern bitterness, crushing down his own affection, and leaving her to a lot more sad than any widowhood.

Still to poor Margaret there was beguilement in the little boy, all the rather that Gerrit loved his child, and supplied the means for her own honourable maintenance; and, for the few years that she was spared to him, we have the testimony of her son that she was a fond and devoted mother.

Four hundred years ago there were no kinder-gartens nor infant-schools; and, although there was a very good Sunday picture-book, called the "*Biblia Pauperum*," it was not every household that could afford a copy. So the food for infant minds consisted very much of the fairy-tales which long floated, life-like and real, through the nurseries of Europe, but which the babies of the future will only know from the specimens bottled up by Dr. Dament, or pinned down by the Brothers Grimm. The religious instruction was in keeping. It told the wonderful adventures of saints who, when decapitated, picked up their own heads and walked off with them, or who crossed the sea, making a sail of their cloak, and a boat of an old shoe or a

<sup>1</sup> In German Gerhard=Gernhaber=Liebhaver. See Herzog's "*Realwörterbuch*," Art. Erasmus. And we may add that Erastus, so famous in ecclesiastical controversy, was born Thomas Lieber or Liebler. But Miss Yonge, in the "*History of Christian Names*," vol. i. p. 255, repudiates this interpretation of the German Gerhard (in Dutch, Gerrit.) According to her it really is "*stern war*," or "*strong spear*."

mill-stone. The better portion was taken from those Gospels of the Infancy, of which Professor Longfellow, in his "Golden Legend," has given an example.<sup>1</sup> To many minds these tales are simply painful. Not only are they offensive as additions to that which is written, but impious from the way in which sacred things are dragged down to a low and trivial level. Nevertheless, those who can throw themselves back into a rude and homely age, and make due allowance for an unlettered people, under forms very grotesque will still detect a large amount of good feeling, and perchance may agree with us that it was from these Christmas carols and cradle-hymns, sung by soft maternal voices, rather than from purgatorial pictures and the fulminations of preaching friars, that the little Gerrits of that time were likely to get a glimpse of the "gentle Jesus, meek and mild"—represented, as He usually is, in the manger, smiling up to the ox and the ass, who on that cold night are trying with their breath to keep Him warm. From the rhymes which played the part of "Peep of Day" to little Hollanders four centuries ago we select the following:—

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

The gentle babe in Mary's arms  
The kindly colt was bearing,  
When lo! they see a stately tree  
Its laden head uprearing.

"Stay, stay, good colt, till the dates we  
gather,  
For you and I are weary;"  
The palm-tree stooped, and its clusters  
drooped  
Right down to the arms of Mary.

The dates she plucked till Joseph said—  
"The day is passing o'er us;  
O Mary, haste, nor more time waste;  
We've forty miles before us."

They journeyed on, and the brightening sun  
Them soon to Egypt brought;  
A goodly land is Egypt strand,  
Where Joseph refuge sought.

Before a glittering gate they stood,  
Where a rich man kept his revel;  
With flaunt and flout he drove them out,  
And wished them to the devil.

<sup>1</sup> "The Nativity: a Miracle Play."

At a poor man's door next Joseph begged,  
When they had passed that other;  
"O mistress mild, receive this child,  
And eke his weary mother."

With welcome blithe she took them in  
From night and all its dangers,  
And in the shed they sought a bed,  
Those holy far-come strangers.

To's wife then said the host, as sleep  
He strove in vain to cherish,  
"I greatly fear that infant dear  
In this keen frost will perish."

On the kitchen hearth, as up she sprang,  
The flame leaped up as cheerful:  
"O lady dear, thy babe bring here,  
The frost this night is fearful."

Whilst o'er the fire the fragrant food  
Began to sing and simmer,  
With glances bright her heart's delight  
Met every rosy glimmer.

"O mirror clear, O baby dear,"  
She sang with joyful weeping;  
And to her breast the babe she pressed,  
Now warm, and fed, and sleeping.

And so that host and his gracious wife  
Soon rose to wondrous riches,  
Whilst the son of Cain for bread was fain  
To delve in dykes and ditches.

So let us give what Jesus asks  
Without delay or grudging,  
And let us pray that Jesus may  
In all our hearts find lodging.

For where He's guest there goes it best  
With all within the cottage;  
For if He dine the water's wine,  
And angel's food the pottage.<sup>1</sup>

In his fifth year Erasmus was sent to a school in Gouda, kept by Peter Winkel; but the fruit which grew on that tree of knowledge was harsh and crabbed, and the little pupil tasted it so sparingly that his father began to fear that learning was a thing for which he had no capacity. But, although he was no great reader, he could sing; he had a sweet, melodious voice, and his mother took

<sup>1</sup> Of these early Dutch Lays and Legends the largest collection is the "Niederländische Geistliche Lieder des XV. Jahrhunderts," in the "Horné Belgicæ," of Hoffman van Fallersleben (Hannover, 1854). The above specimen is an abridgment, freely translated, of No. 24, spliced at the end from the German stanzas at pp. 64, 65. Of the class of picture books referred to in the text, two examples have been reproduced in admirable facsimile by Mr. Stewart, of King William Street, viz. the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," and the "Geschiedenis van het heylighe Cruys."

him to Utrecht, where the cathedral authorities received him, and put him in the choir; and in a white surplice, along with other little children, he sang the Latin psalms and anthems in the grand old church where an older lad, named Florenszoon, was then a frequent worshipper, afterwards known to history as the preceptor of Charles the Fifth, and eventually as Adrian the Sixth, the only Dutchman, if we rightly remember, who ever wore the triple crown.

At nine years he was taken to a school at Deventer, and here he began to be a scholar in earnest. Shortly before this (in July, 1471), in the neighbouring convent of St. Agnes, at Zwoll, there had fallen asleep a venerable monk, to be remembered through all time as Thomas à Kempis. He was an exquisite copyist, as is attested by a sumptuous Bible in four volumes, still preserved, and he had also laid in a good store of scholarship at this very Deventer school which Erasmus was now attending. But, above all, he was a serene and saintly man, "inwardly happy, outwardly cheerful,"<sup>1</sup> to whom the world was nothing and God was all in all, and who in his pure and passionless career held on till he was upwards of ninety, drawing towards him the love, and all but the worship of those who in him felt a nearer heaven, and who heard from his lips those lessons on the hidden life which myriads since have read in "The Imitation of Jesus." Although a reviver of devotion rather than a restorer of learning, the cause of letters owed much to Thomas, for the worst foes of knowledge are grossness and apathy; and, when men like Rudolph Agricola and Alexander Hegius came under his spell, in the spiritual quickening which ensued, if they did not soar to the like elevation of enraptured piety, they at all events were raised to a region from which the coarse joys of the convent looked contemptible, and where the higher nature began to call aloud for food convenient.

When Erasmus came to Deventer, the

<sup>1</sup> Ulman's Reformers before the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 127.

rector of the school was the disciple of à Kempis, Hegius, and the whole place was animated by his ardent scholarship. Erasmus was too poor to pay the fees required from the students in the rector's class, but on saints' days the lectures were gratuitous and open to all comers. However, in Sintheim he had a kind and skilful teacher. Although the royal road to learning was not yet constructed, the Deventer professors had done a good deal to smooth and straighten the bridle-path; and, with a plank here and there thrown across the wider chasms, and with some of the worst stumbling-stones removed, a willing pupil could make wonderful progress. Even our dull little friend, who had been the despair of the pedantic Peter, woke up; and, like a creature which has at last found its element, he ramped in the rich pastures to which the gate of the Latin language admitted. As with Melancthon a few years afterwards, Terence was his favourite, and in committing to memory all his plays he laid up sometimes an ample store of the pure old Roman speech, as well as a rich fund of delicate humour, and dexterous, playful expression. Sintheim was delighted. On one occasion he was so charmed with his performance that he kissed the young scholar, and exclaimed, "Cheer up; you will reach the top of the tree." And on an occasion more august, when the famous Agricola visited Deventer, and was shown an exercise of Erasmus', he was so struck with it that he asked to see the author. The bashful boy was introduced; and, taking him with both hands behind the head, so that he was compelled to look full in the face the awful stranger, Agricola told him, "You will be a great man yet." Such a prophecy, coming from one of the oracles of the age, could never be forgotten, especially as Agricola was almost adored by Rector Hegius.

Knowledge should be its own reward; but poor human nature is very thankful for those occasional crumbs of encouragement. Nor was Erasmus above the need of them. Even at Deventer the discipline was very severe; and, although



Erasmus was both a good boy and good scholar, and his master's favourite pupil, it was impossible to pass scathless through the ordeal. In after years he did all he could to mitigate a system the savage cruelty of which was so abhorrent from his gentle nature;<sup>1</sup> and he quotes with approval the witty invention of an English gentleman, who, in order to make his son at once a scholar and a marksman, had a target painted with the Greek alphabet, and every time that the little archer hit a letter, and at the same time could name it, he was rewarded with a cherry.<sup>2</sup> This was an effectual plan for teaching "the young idea how to shoot;" and to the same kindly method we owe alphabets of gingerbread or sugar, which even in the nursery awaken the pleasures of taste, and make little John Bull, if not a devourer of books, at least very fond of his letters.

On the whole, however, it was a happy time which he spent at Deventer. His mother, who had accompanied him at first, watched over him with anxious tenderness; and he had attached companions, such as William Hermann. And he could play. From his Colloquies we gather that he was up to bowls, and leap-frog, and running, though not so fond of swimming. Then the Issel was famous for its fish, and he not only knew how to ensnare the finny tribe, but when bait was scarce he had a plan for bringing the worms aboveboard, by pouring over their lurking-places water in which had been steeped walnut-shells. Above all, the noble passion of learning had been awakened, and every day was bringing some new knowledge under the best instructors his native land could offer, when a great desolation overtook him. In his thirteenth year, as he himself says—although for reasons already mentioned we incline to think that he was somewhat older—the plague, then perpetually wandering over Europe, came to Deventer. It carried off his mother.

<sup>1</sup> De Pueris Instituendis, published in 1529. See especially Opp. i. 485 et seq.

<sup>2</sup> Opp. i. 511.

It seized and destroyed many of his friends. At last it depopulated the house where he lodged, and in his grief and terror he fled to his father, at Gouda. But soon this refuge also failed. The death of Margaret had such an effect on Gerrit, whose heart was half broken already, that he immediately sickened and soon felt himself dying. He had by this time saved up enough to complete the education of his sons, and this, along with the care of the lads themselves, he entrusted to Peter Winkel and two other neighbours; and then the priest, in whom little of the facetious Gerrit survived, finished his sorrowful career—another instance that there are false steps which life can never retrace, and wrongs which repentance cannot remedy.

Erasmus was now very anxious to go to some university, but the guardians showed no great zeal in settling the affairs of the orphans. A note addressed to Magister Petrus Winkel, and undated, must have been written at this time, and is probably the earliest specimen of its author's epistolary style.

"I fear that our property is not likely to be soon realized, and I trust that you will do your utmost to prevent our being injured by delay. Perhaps you will say that I am one of those who fear lest the firmament should fall. You might laugh at my apprehensions, if the cash were already in the coffer; but, far from being sold, the books have still to go to the auction-room, or find a purchaser. The corn has still to be sown from which our bread is to be baked; and meanwhile, as Ovid says, 'on flying foot the time flits past.' In an affair like this I cannot see the advantage of delay. Besides, I hear that Christian has not returned the books which he had borrowed. Let his tardiness be overcome by your importunity."

We have no doubt that this is the note to which Erasmus elsewhere refers as having been written to his guardian by a youth of fourteen.<sup>3</sup> If so, it exhibits a precocious talent for business, where, perhaps, we would rather

<sup>3</sup> Florentio decimum quartum annum agenti, quum illi scripsisset aliquanto politius, respondit severiter, ut si posthac mitteret tales epistolas, adjungeret commentarium: ipsi semper hunc fuisse morem, ut plane scriberet, et punctuatim, nam hoc verbo usus est.—Opp. iii. 1822.

have seen the bashfulness of the school-boy; but to one who carries a bar sinister on his shield the battle of life is very hard, especially at the beginning; and to this poor youth the world's experiences were becoming somewhat bleak. Like other hunted creatures, his utmost sagacity was needed for self-defence, and he had too much reason to distrust the tutorial trio. In other respects the letter is an admirable composition,<sup>1</sup> and interesting as indicating thus early his turn for proverbial philosophy and love of classical quotation. But neither good Latin nor lines from Ovid could make it palatable to the receiver. He wrote back to his ward that, if he continued to send such figurative effusions, he must subjoin explanatory notes. For his own part, he always wrote plainly and "to the point"—*punctuatim*.

Instead of the university, Erasmus was sent to a monkish school at Bois le Duc (Hertogenbosch); from which, after an irksome and unprofitable durance of nearly three years, the plague allowed him to escape. Returning to Gouda, he found that by the death of one of their number his guardians were reduced to Winkel the schoolmaster, and a mercantile brother. They had but a sorry account to give of their stewardship; and Erasmus warned his brother that a desperate attempt would assuredly be made to force them into a convent, as the shortest way of winding up the trust and closing the account. Both agreed that nothing could be more alien from their present mood of mind, the elder confessing that he had no love for a religious life, the younger being intent on that scholarship which convents could not give. "Our means may be small," he said; "but let us scrape together what we can, and find our way to some college. Friends will turn up; like many before us, we may maintain ourselves by our own industry, and Providence will aid us in our honest endeavours." "Then," said the other, "you must be spokesman." Nor was it long before the scheme was pro-

<sup>1</sup> It will be found in Knight's "Life of Erasmus," Appendix, p. iv.

pounded. In a few days Mr. Winkel called; and, after an ample preface, full of affection for them both, and dwelling on all his services, he went on, "And now I must wish you joy, for I have been so fortunate as to obtain an opening for both of you amongst the canons regular."

As agreed, the younger made answer, thanking him warmly for his kindness, but saying that they thought it scarcely prudent, whilst still so young, to commit themselves to any course of life. "We are still unknown to ourselves, nor do we know the vocation which you so strongly recommend. We have never been inside of a convent, nor do we know what it is to be a monk. Would it not be better to defer a decision till after a few years spent in study?" At this Mr. Winkel flew into a passion: "You don't know what you are? You're a fool. You are throwing away an excellent opportunity, which I have with much ado obtained for you. So, sirrah, I resign my trust; and now you are free to look where you like for a living." Erasmus shed tears, but stood firm. "We accept your resignation, and free you from any farther charge." Winkel went away in a rage; but, thinking better about it, he sought the assistance of his brother, who, not being a schoolmaster, was less in the habit of losing his temper. Next day they invited the young men to dinner. It was beautiful weather; they had their wine taken out to a summer-house in the garden, and under the management of the balmy and blandiloquent merchant all went smooth and merry. At last they came to business, and so engagingly did the man of money set forth the life of poverty—so bright were the pictures of abstinence and seraphic contemplation which he drew over his bottle of Rhenish—that the elder brother was quite overcome. Pretending to yield to irresistible argument, he entered the convent; but he was a thorough rogue, and carried his rascality into the cloister. He cheated even the monks, and with his scandalous misconduct, drinking and stealing, proceeded from bad to worse, and henceforth disappears from history. Erasmus,

on the other hand, hungering for knowledge and intent on mental improvement, held out. Although he had never lived in a monastery, he had attended a conventual school, and had seen the comatose effect which the cowl exercises on the head of the wearer. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird;" and although the door was open, and nice barley was strewn on the threshold, inside the decoy he saw so many bats and doleful creatures as effectually scared him, and with the instinct of a true bird of Paradise he escaped away to light and freedom.

But it was not easy to resist for ever. He was friendless and penniless. Besides, his health was broken; for nearly a year he had been suffering from paroxysms of quartan ague, and in the wakeful hours of night he began to wonder if it might not be better to renounce the pursuit of learning, and give himself entirely to prepare for eternity. Whilst in this state of feeling he fell in with a youth who had been his school-fellow at Deventer, and who was now an inmate of the convent of Steene, near Gouda. Cornelius Berden drew a glowing picture of conventual retirement. He enlarged on the peace and harmony reigning within the sacred walls, where worldly strifes and passions never entered, and where, careful for nothing, but serving God and loving one another, the brethren led lives like the angels. Above all, he expatiated on the magnificent library and the unlimited leisure, and so wrought on his younger companion that he consented to come in as a novice. For the first months it was all very pleasant; he was not expected to fast, nor to rise for prayers at night, and every one was particularly kind to the new-comer; and, although before the year had expired he saw many things which he did not like, and some which awakened his suspicion, he was already within the gates, and it was not easy to get away. If he hinted to any one his fear that neither in mind nor body was he fitted to become a monk, he was at once assured that these were mere temptations of Satan, and, if he would only

defy the devil by taking the final step, these difficulties would trouble him no more. The awful word "apostate" was whispered in his ear, and he was reminded how, after thus putting his hand to the plough and turning back, one novice had been struck by lightning, another had been bitten by a serpent, and a third had fallen into a frightful malady. As he afterwards pathetically urges, "If there had been in these fathers a grain of true charity, would they not have come to the succour of youth and inexperience? Knowing the true state of the case, ought they not to have said, 'My son, it is foolish to carry this effort any farther. You do not agree with this mode of life, nor does it agree with you. Choose some other. Christ is everywhere—not here only;—and in any garb you may live religiously. Resume your freedom: so shall you be no burden to us, nor shall we be your undoing.'" But with these anglers it was not the custom when they had hooked a fish to throw him back into the water. They worked on his generous and sensitive spirit by asking, How can you as a renegade ever lift up your head amongst your fellow-men? And in pride and desperation he did as had been done by his father before him: he pressed his hands tight over his eyes and took the fatal leap. At the end of the year he made his profession as a canon regular in the Augustinian Convent of Emmaus at Steene.

It was not long before his worst forebodings were fulfilled. In the cloisters of Emmaus he found no Fra Angelico nor Thomas à Kempis, nor any one such as the name of the place might have suggested—no one who cared to "open the Scriptures," or who said to the Great Master, "Abide with us." From the genius of the place both religion and scholarship seemed utterly alien. The monks were coarse, jovial fellows, who read no book but the Breviary, and who to any feast of the Muses preferred pan-cakes and pots of ale. There was a library, but it was the last place where you would have sought for a missing brother. They sang their matins and

vespers, and spent the intermediate time in idle lounging and scurrilous jesting. Long afterwards, when invited to return, Erasmus wrote to the prior that his only recollections of the place were "flat and foolish talking, without any savour of Christ, low carousals, and a style of life in which, "if you stripped off a few formal observances, there remained nothing "which a good man would care to "retain."<sup>1</sup> At his first entrance his disposition was devout; but he wanted to worship: it was the living God whom he sought to serve, and the genuflexions, and crossings, and bell-rings, and changes of vestments seemed to him little better than an idle mummery. He had hoped for scholarlike society, but, except young Hermann from Gouda, he found none to sympathize in his tastes, or join in his pursuits. Nor did the rule of his Order agree with him. His circulation was languid, his nervous system extremely sensitive. If called up to midnight devotions, after counting his beads and repeating the prescribed pater-nosters, a model monk would turn into bed and be asleep in five seconds; but, after being once aroused from his rest, Erasmus could only lie awake till the morning, listening to his more fortunate brethren as they snored along the corridor. For stock-fish his aversion was unconquerable. Sir Walter Scott mentions a brother clerk in the Court of Session who used to be thrown into agonies by the scent of cheese, and the mere smell of salted cod gave Erasmus a headache. And whilst by a bountiful supper his capacious colleagues were able to prepare overnight for the next day's fast, to the delicate frame of our scholar abstinence was so severe a trial that he repeatedly fainted away. No wonder then that with the love of letters, the love of reality, and the love of liberty superadded to such constitutional inaptitudes, the "heaven on earth" at Steene soon became an irksome captivity.

<sup>1</sup> "Colloquia quam frigida, quam inepta, quam non sapientia Christum; convivia quam laica; denique tota vitæ ratio, cui si detraxeris ceremonias, non video quid relinquas expetendum." Opp. iii. 1527.

Not that the five years were utterly lost. True, he was disappointed in Cornelius Berden, the quondam chum whose glowing representations had first inveigled him. In the outset he was delighted with his apparent classical ardour, and rejoiced to burn with him the midnight oil, reading through a whole play of Terence at a single sitting. But it turned out that his motive was pure selfishness. He was ambitious of preferment, and, with the astuteness which he had learned during a short sojourn in Italy, he had entrapped into the convent his accomplished friend, as the cheapest way of obtaining a tutor. No wonder that, as soon as his treachery was detected, the victim bitterly resented his baseness. But, as we have already stated, in William Hermann he still found a kindred spirit. In poetical compositions and elegant Latinity they vied with one another, and any ancient treasure which either discovered they shared in common. Where the predisposition or susceptibility exists, a book read at the right time often gives an abiding complexion to the character, or a life-long direction to the faculties. The delight with which Pope when a schoolboy read Ogilby's Homer resulted in our English Iliad; and the copy of the "Faery Queen," which Cowley found on the window-seat of his mother's room, committed him to poetry for the rest of his days. In the same way Alexander Murray used to ascribe the first awakening of his polyglottal propensities to the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in many tongues which he found in Salmon's Geography, and our pleasant friend James Wilson was made a naturalist by the gift of "Three Hundred Wonderful Animals." A tendency towards scholarship our hero inherited from his father, along with his mirth and humour; and a peculiar flavour was given to his wit, as well as a tincture to his style, by his early admiration of Terence. And in the convent of Steene he found two writers who exerted a material influence on his subsequent history. One of these was Jerome, in whose letters he found such spoil that he transcribed the

whole of them; and of many subsequent years it became the chosen pastime, as well as absorbing employment, to prepare for the press the collected works of this truly learned father. The other was the famous Italian, Laurentius Valla, whose "Elegancies of the Latin Language" did so much to restore to modern times the speech of ancient Rome, and whose detection of the forgery which assigned the city of the Cæsars to Sylvester as a gift from Constantine may be regarded as the first decisive blow aimed at the temporal power of the Papacy.<sup>1</sup> His critical acumen, and the skill with which he explained the niceties of a noble tongue, filled Erasmus with rapture, and the very truculence of the terrible Roman had a charm for his ardent disciple.<sup>2</sup> Not that their dispositions were at all akin. Mild in his very mischief, and never so indignant as to be indiscreet, Erasmus was not born to be either a cynic or a bully; but in minds capable of unreserved admiration there is an isomorphous tendency, and, although the constituent elements may be distinct, the style into which they crystallize becomes identical. And, just as Hannah More could not help writing Johnsonese, as many a living writer nibs his pen and cuts the paper with Carlylian rhodium, so in the inspiration of our author we can sometimes detect the spell of a first love and an unconscious imitation of Valla. As a scholar and critic he was eventually no whit inferior; as a wit and a genius he immeasurably excelled. Yet through his subsequent career may be discerned the influence of

his Italian predecessor, not only in his preference of classical Latinity at large to a narrow and foppish Ciceronianism; not only in the keen-eyed shrewdness and audacious sense which saw through the frailties of popes and the flaws of tradition; not only in the courage which set to work to translate the Greek Testament anew, undaunted by the awful claims of the Vulgate; but in the vituperative energy which he threw into his later polemical writings, and which is not unworthy of the critic who was constantly snapping at the heels of Poggio, and who had nearly torn Beccadelli in pieces because his remarks on Livy had gained the best *bon-bons* at Alphonso's table.

If Steene had few rewards for its students, the restraints were not very strict which it placed on its inmates. As long as they did not interfere with the rules of the Order, they were allowed to follow freely their own tastes and likings. We have mentioned that our Desiderius had a musical voice, and that when a little boy he was a chorister in Utrecht Cathedral. For the sister art of painting he is also said to have shown an early inclination, and a painted crucifix has come down with the inscription, "Despise not this picture: it was painted by Erasmus when he lived in the convent of Steene."<sup>1</sup> Anecdotes are also current of other modes in which he occasionally enlivened his graver studies. For instance, it is told that there was a pear-tree in the orchard which monks of low degree were warned to leave untouched; for the prior had seen meet to reserve it for his own proper use. Our friend, however, having taken a private survey of the forbidden fruit, was obliged to own that in this instance his superior was right, and repeated his visits so often that the pears began to disappear with alarming rapidity. The prior determined if possible to find out the robber. For this purpose he took up

<sup>1</sup> Unless we give precedence to Dante:—

"Ahi Costatin, di quanto mal fu matre  
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote  
Che da te prese il primo ricco patre!"  
*Inferno*, canto 19.

"Ah Constantine! what evils caused to flow,  
Not, by conversion, but those fair domains  
Thou on the first rich Father didst bestow!"  
*Wright*.

Valla was born at Rome in 1407, where also in 1457 he died. His declamation against the Popedom did not see the light till long after his death, viz. 1492, about the time when Erasmus was taking leave of Steene.

<sup>2</sup> See his 1st, 2d, and 103d Epistles.

<sup>1</sup> What has become of it we cannot tell. In the early part of last century it belonged to Cornelius Musius of Delft. Burigny, *Vie d'Erasmus*, tome i. p. 37.



his position overnight at a window which commanded the orchard. Towards morning he espied a dark figure in the tree; but, just as he made sure of catching the scoundrel, he was obliged to sneeze, and at the explosion the thief dropped from the bough, and with admirable presence of mind limped off, imitating to the life the hobble of the only lame brother in the convent. As soon as the monks were assembled for morning prayers, the prior enlarged on the dreadful sin which had been committed, and then in a voice of thunder denounced the lame friar as the sacrilegious villain who had stolen the pears. The poor monk was petrified. Protestations of innocence and proofs of an *alibi* were unavailing; the prior with his own eyes had seen him in the fact, and we doubt if the real delinquent came forward to discharge the penance.

Erasmus had spent five years in the convent when Henri de Bergues, the Bishop of Cambrai, invited him to become his secretary. The bishop was aspiring to a cardinal's hat; and, having resolved on a journey to Rome in order to secure it, he wisely judged that the accomplished Latinist, whose fame had already come to France, would materially subserve his purposes. On the other hand, Erasmus was transported at the prospect of exchanging the society of boorish monks for the refinement and scholarship which he expected to find at the head-quarters of the Church and in the metropolis of Italy; and, as both Prior Werner and the Bishop of Utrecht gave their consent, somewhere about the year 1492 Erasmus took his joyful departure from Steene, and returned no more.

In its treatment of Erasmus, monasticism prepared its own Nemesis. The system was become a scandal to Europe. The greed of the friars, their indolence, their hypocrisy, their gluttony and grossness, had been for ages proverbial, and it was only with the sulky toleration of inevitable evil that their swarming legions were endured. Still it was believed that celibacy was a holy state, and it was hoped that, by way of balance to the rough exactions and tavern brawls

of these sturdy beggars, there was a great deal of devotion and austerity within the cell, when there rose up a witness who could not be contradicted, proclaiming, in a voice which was heard in all lands alike by princes and people, that, offensive as was the outside of the sepulchre, it was clean compared with the interior.

Erasmus had no reason to love the institution. By working on the religious feelings of his grandparents and the avarice of their older sons, it had prevented his father from consummating in lawful wedlock an honourable attachment, and so had brought on his own birth a reproach with which the real authors of the wrong were the first to stigmatize him. And it had gone far to frustrate his own existence. Years which should have been given to letters and to religion it had doomed to dull routine and meaningless observance; nor was it unnatural that he should resent on the system the craft and chicanery which had cozened him out of his liberty, and which, in lieu of the philosopher's cloak, had left him in a fool's cap and motley. It can therefore occasion no wonder that in subsequent years he let slip no opportunity for showing up the ignorance and heartlessness of the regular clergy. If in one aspect Luther's life was one long war with the devil, the literary career of Erasmus was a continued crusade against monkery; and it is almost amusing to notice how, whether it be any mishap which has befallen himself, or any evil which threatens the universe,—if it be a book of his own which is anonymously abused, or the peace of a family which is invaded, or a town or kingdom which is hopelessly embroiled—he is sure to suspect a friar as the source of the mischief; and, as we read page after page of his epistles, we cannot help forming the conclusion that, "going to and fro on the face of the earth," the ubiquitous monk was to all intents our author's devil.

The years during which they kept him imprisoned at Steene supplied the materials for thoroughly exposing the system. He was then filling his portfolio with

the sketches which afterwards came out in the faithful but unbeautiful portraits of the Enchiridion and in the caricatures of the Colloquies; and by the time that he had become the most popular writer of all his contemporaries the effect was prodigious. Whether in one of his pithy sentences he spoke of "purgatory" as the fire which they so dearly love, "for it keeps their kettle boiling,"<sup>1</sup> or sketched them at full length as the universal usurpers who appropriated the functions of prince, pastor, and bishop, so that they must have a hand in every national treaty and every matrimonial engagement—so that they constituted themselves the guardians of orthodoxy, pronouncing "such a one is a real Christian, but such another is a heretic, and" "he again is a heretic and a half—'ses-qui-hæreticus'"—worming out of the citizens their most secret thoughts and most private affairs, and making themselves so essential that, if either king or pope has any dirty work to do, he must use their unscrupulous agency—a set of busybodies at once venomous and unproductive, who, like drones furnished with hornet stings, could not be driven from the hive, but must be at once detested and endured,<sup>2</sup>—every one recognised the correctness of the picture; and, with accurate instinct, far more fiercely

than against Luther, with his defiance of the Pope, and his Gospel for the people, did the friars rage against Erasmus and his antimonic satires. And, just as in his morning promenade under the hedge-row, a persecuted cat is followed by a cloud of titmice and sparrows, twittering out their terror, and warning all the woodland, so it is ludicrous to notice the swarm of agitated crows which eventually fluttered after Erasmus in his progress through Europe, shrieking forth their execrations, and in every stealthy movement boding new mischief to the mendicants. To pull down the columns which supported the papacy needed the passionate strength and self-devotement of Luther; but the wooden pillar on which monkery was perched, already rotten and worm-eaten, quickly yielded to the incisors of the formidable rodent who had somehow got in;<sup>1</sup> and, when at last the crazy structure came down, and the "happy family" was scattered in England and Germany, it was not without a touch of compunction that the author of their overthrow witnessed the dismay of their dispersion, and the hardships which some of them endured.

<sup>1</sup> The name of Erasmus was an irresistible temptation to punning: witness the following epigram of Stephen Paschasius.—

"Hic jacet Erasmus, qui quondam bonus erat  
mus;  
Rodere qui solitus, roditur a vermibus."

<sup>1</sup> Opp. iii. 1106.

<sup>2</sup> Adagia, chil. ii. cent. viii. 65.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LADY DUFF-GORDON'S LETTERS FROM EGYPT.

Now I am settled in my Theban palace it seems more beautiful, and I am quite melancholy that you cannot be here to enjoy it. The house is very large, and has good thick walls, the comfort of which we feel to-day, for it blows a hurricane, but indoors it is not at all cold. I have glass windows and doors to some of the rooms; it is a lovely dwelling. Two funny little owls, as big as my fist, live in the wall under my window, and come and peep in,

walking on tiptoe and looking inquisitive, like the owls in the hieroglyphics; and a splendid horus (the sacred hawk) frequents my lofty balcony. Another of my contemplar gods I sacrilegiously killed last night—a whip-snake. Omar is rather in consternation, for fear it should be "the snake of the house," for Islam has not dethroned the "Dii Lares et tutelares."

Some men came to mend the staircase, which had fallen in, and which

consists of huge solid blocks of stone. One man crushed his thumb, and I had to operate on it. It is extraordinary how these people bear pain; he never winced in the least, and went off thanking God and the lady quite cheerfully.

I have been working hard at the "Alif Bay"—A B C—to day, under the direction of Sheykh Yussuf, a graceful, sweet-looking young man, with a dark-brown face, and such fine manners, in his felah dress—a coarse brown woollen shirt, a libdeh or felt skull-cap, and a common red shawl round his head and shoulders. Writing the wrong way is very hard work. It was curious to see Sheykh Yussuf's blush from shyness when he came in first; it shows quite as much in the coffee-brown Arab skin as in the fairest European—quite unlike the much lighter-coloured mulatto or Malay, who never change colour at all.

*Wednesday, January 20th, 1864.*—We have had a week of piercing winds, but yesterday was fine again, and I mounted old Mustafa's cob pony, and jogged over his farm with him, and lunched on delicious sour cream and fateereh at a neighbouring village, to the great delight of the Fellah. The scene was more biblical than ever; the people were all relations of Mustafa's, and to see Sidi Omar, the head of the household, and the young men "coming in from the field, and the flocks and herds and camels and asses," was like a beautiful dream. All these people are of high blood, and a sort of "roll of battle" is kept here for the genealogies of the noble Arabs, who came in with Amr, the first Arab conqueror and lieutenant of Omar. Not one of these brown men, who do not own a second shirt, would give his brown daughter to the greatest Turkish Pasha. This country *noblesse* is more interesting to me by far than the town people, though Omar, who is quite a cockney, and piques himself on being "delicate," turns up his nose at their beggarly pride, as Londoners used to do at bare-legged Highlanders. The air of perfect equality (except as to the respect due to the head of the clan) with which the

villagers treated Mustafa, and which he fully returned, made it all seem so very gentlemanlike. They are not so dazzled by a little show, and far more manly than the Cairenes. I am already on visiting terms with all the "county families" resident in Luxor. The Nazir (magistrate) is a very nice person, and my Sheykh Yussuf, who is of the highest blood (being descended from Abul Hajjaj himself), is quite charming. There is an intelligent German here as Austrian consul, who draws well. I went into his house, and was startled by hearing a pretty little Arab boy, his servant, say, "Soll ich den Kaffee bringen?" What next? They are all mad to learn languages, and Mustafa begs me to teach his little child Zehneh, English.

*Friday, January 22d.*—Yesterday, I rode over to Karnac, with Mustafa's Sais running by my side; glorious hot sun and delicious air. To hear the Sais chatter away, his tongue running as fast as his feet, made me deeply envious of his lungs. Mustafa joined me, and pressed me to go to visit the sheykh's tomb for the benefit of my health, as he and Sheykh Yussuf wished to say a Fathah for me; but I must not drink wine at dinner. I made a little difficulty on the score of difference of religion, but Sheykh Yussuf, who came up, said he presumed I worshipped God and not stones, and that sincere prayers were good anywhere. Clearly the bigotry would have been on my side if I had refused any longer; so in the evening I went with Mustafa.

It was a very curious sight: the little dome illuminated with as much oil as the mosque could afford, and beneath it the tombs of Abul Hajjaj and his three sons; a magnificent old man, like Father Abraham himself, dressed in white, sat on a carpet at the foot of the tomb; he was the head of the family of Abul Hajjaj. He made me sit by him, and was extremely polite. Then came the Nazir, the Cadi, a Turk travelling on Government business, and a few other gentlemen, who all sat down round us, after kissing the hand of the old sheykh. Every one talked; in fact, it was a *soirée* for the entertain-

ment of the dead sheykh. A party of men sat at the further end of the place, with their faces to the kibleh, and played on a taraboukeh (sort of small drum stretched on earthenware, which gives a peculiar sound), a tam-bourine without bells, and little tinkling cymbals, fitting on thumb and finger (crotales), and chanted songs in honour of Mohammed, and verses from the Psalms of David. Every now and then, one of our party left off talking, and prayed a little, or counted his beads. The old sheykh sent for coffee and gave me the first cup—a wonderful concession; at last the Nazir proposed a Fathah for me, which the whole group round me repeated aloud, and then each said to me:—"Our Lord God bless thee, and give thee health and peace, to thee and thy family, and take thee back to thy master and thy children;" every one adding "Ameen," and giving the salaam with the hand. I returned it, and said, "Our Lord reward thee and all the people for kindness to strangers," which was considered a very proper answer.

After that we went away, and the worthy Nazir walked home with me to take a pipe and a glass of sherbet, and enjoy a talk about his wife and eight children, who are all in Foom-el-Bachr; except two boys at school at Cairo. In Cairo or Lower Egypt, it would be quite impossible for a Christian to enter a sheykh's tomb at all;—above all, at his birthday festival, and on the night of Friday.

*Saturday.*—My poor Sheykh Yussuf is in great distress about his brother, also a young sheykh (i.e. one learned in theology, and competent to preach in the mosque). Sheykh Mohammed is come home from studying in El-Azhar at Cairo,—I fear, to die. I went with Sheykh Yussuf, at his desire, to see if I could help him, and found him gasping for breath, and very, very ill; I gave him a little soothing medicine, and put mustard plasters on him, and, as they relieved him, I went again and repeated them. All the family and a number of neighbours crowded in to look on. There he lay in a dark

little den with bare mud walls, worse off, to our ideas, than any pauper; but these people do not feel the want of comforts, and one learns to think it quite natural to sit with perfect gentlemen in places inferior to our cattle sheds. I pulled some blankets up against the wall, and put my arm behind Sheykh Mohammed's back, to make him rest while the poultices were on him; whereupon he laid his green turban on my shoulder, and presently held up his delicate brown face for a kiss, like an affectionate child. As I kissed him, a very pious old moollah said *Bismillah!* "In the name of God!" with an approving nod; and Sheykh Mohammed's father (a splendid old man in a green turban) thanked me with "effusion," and prayed that my children might always find help and kindness. This shows how much truth there is in "Musulman bigotry, unconquerable hatred," etc.; for this family are Seyyids (descendants of the Prophet), and very pious.

*Monday.*—I have just heard that poor Sheykh Mohammed died yesterday, and was, as usual, buried at once. I had not been well for a few days, and Sheykh Yussuf took care that I should not know of his brother's death. He went to Mustapha Aga, and told him not to tell any one of my house till I was better, because he knew "what was in my stomach" towards them, and feared I should be made worse by the news. And how often I have been advised not to meddle with sick Arabs, because they are sure to suspect a Christian of poisoning those who die! I do grieve for the graceful handsome young creature and his old father. Omar was vexed at not knowing of his death, because he would have liked to help to carry him to the grave.

*Friday, January 29th.*—The last week has been very cold here, the thermometer 59° and 60°, with a nipping wind and bright sun. I was obliged to keep my bed for three or four days, as a palace without doors or windows to speak of was very trying, though far better than a boat. Yesterday and to-day are better—not much warmer, but a different air.

The Moolid (festival) of the sheykh

terminated last Saturday with a procession, in which the new cover of his tomb, and the ancient sacred boat, were carried on men's shoulders; it all seemed to have walked out of royal tombs, only dusty and shabby, instead of gorgeous. These festivals of the dead are such as Herodotus alludes to as held in honour of "Him whose name he dares not mention, Him who sleeps in Philæ;" only the name is changed, and the mummy is absent. For a fortnight every one who had a horse and could ride, came and "made fantasia" every afternoon for two hours before sunset, and very pretty it was. The people here show their good blood in their riding. For the last three days, all strangers were entertained with bread and cooked meat, at the expense of the Luxor people. Every house killed a sheep and baked bread. As I could not do that for want of servants enough, I sent a hundred piastres (about twelve shillings) to the servants of Abul Hajjaj at the mosque, to pay for the oil burnt at the tomb, &c. I was not well, and in bed, but I hear that my gift gave immense satisfaction, and that I was again well prayed for.

The Coptic bishop came to see me, but he was a tipsy old monk. He sent for tea, complaining that he was ill; so I went to see him, and perceived that his disorder was too much arrackee. He has a very nice black slave, a Christian (Abyssinian, I think), who is a friend of Omar's, and who sent Omar a handsome dinner, all ready cooked; among other things, a chicken stuffed with green wheat was excellent.

February 12th, 1864.—We are in Ramadan now, and Omar really enjoys a good opportunity of "making his soul." He fasts and washes vigorously, and prays his five times a day, and goes to mosque on Fridays, and is quite merry over it, and ready to cook infidels' dinners with exemplary good humour. It is a great merit in Muslims that they are not at all grumpy over their piety.

The weather has set in since five or six days like Paradise; I sit on my lofty balcony and drink in the sweet northerly breeze, and look at the glorious mountain

opposite, and think, if only you and the children were here, it would be "the best o' life." The beauty of Egypt grows on one, and I think it far more lovely this year than I did last.

My great friend the Maõhn (he is not the Nazir, who is a fat little pig-eyed jolly Turk) lives in a house which also has a superb view in another direction, and I often go and sit "on the bench," i.e. the mustabah in front of his house, and do what little talk I can, and see the people come with their grievances. I don't understand much of what goes on, as the *patois* is broad, and doubles the difficulty, or I would send you a Theban police-report; but the Maõhn is very pleasant in his manner to them, and they don't seem frightened. We have appointed a very small boy our Bowab or porter, or rather he has appointed himself, and his assumption of dignity is quite delicious; he has provided himself with a huge staff, and he behaves like the most tremendous janissary. He is about the size of a child of five, as sharp as a needle, and possesses the remains of a brown shirt, and a ragged kitchen duster as turban. I am very fond of little Achmet, and like to see him doing *tableaux vivants* after Murillo, with a plate of broken victuals.

The children of this place have become so insufferable about backsheesh, that I have complained to the Maõhn, and he will assemble a committee of parents and enforce better manners. It is only here, and just where the English go. When I ride into the little villages, I never hear the word, but am always offered milk to drink; I have taken it two or three times and not offered to pay, and the people always seemed quite pleased.

Yesterday, Sheykh Yussuf came again, the first time since his brother's death; he was evidently deeply affected, but spoke in the usual way, "It is the will of God, we must all die." I wish you could see Sheykh Yussuf; I think he is the sweetest creature in look and manner I ever beheld, so refined and so simple, and with the animal grace of a gazelle. A high-bred Arab is as graceful as an Indian, but quite without the



feline *geschmeidigkeit*, or the look of dissimulation; the eye is as clear and frank as a child's.

*Luxor, March 1st.*—The glory of the climate now is beyond description, and I feel better every day. I go out as early as seven or eight o'clock on my tiny donkey, and come in to breakfast at about ten, and go out again at four. The sun is very hot in the middle of the day, yet the people in boats say it is still cold at night. In this large house I feel neither heat nor cold. . . .

I want to photograph Yussuf for you; the feelings and prejudices and ideas of a cultivated Arab, as I get at them, little by little, are curious beyond compare. It won't do to generalize from one man, of course, but even one gives some very new ideas. The most striking thing is the sweetness and delicacy of feeling, the horror of hurting any one (this must be individual, of course; it is too good to be general). For example, I apologized to him two days ago for inadvertently answering the "Salaam aleykoom," which he, of course, said to Omar on coming in, and which is sacramental to Muslims. Yussuf blushed crimson, touched my hand and kissed his own, and looked quite unhappy. Yesterday evening he walked in, and startled me by a "Salaam aleykee," addressed to me; he had evidently been thinking it over, whether he ought to say it to me, and had come to the conclusion that it was not wrong. "Surely it is well for all 'the creatures of God to speak peace ('Salaam) to each other," said he. Now, no uneducated Muslim would have arrived at such a conclusion. Omar would pray, work, lie, do any thing for me—sacrifice money even; but I doubt whether he could utter "Salaam aleykoom" to any but a Muslim. I answered as I felt—"Peace, oh my brother, and God bless thee!" It was almost as if a Catholic priest had felt impelled by charity to offer the communion to a heretic.

I observed that the story of the Barber was new to him, and asked if he did not know the Thousand and One Nights. No; he studied only things of religion; no

light amusements were proper for an Alim-el-deen of the religion. We Europeans did not know that, of course, as *our* religion was to enjoy ourselves; but *he* must not make merry with diversions or music or droll stories. (See the mutual ignorance of all ascetics.) He has a little girl of six or seven, and teaches her to write and read. No one else, he believes, thinks of such a thing out of Cairo; there many of the daughters of the Alim learn,—those who desire it. His wife died two years ago, and six months ago he married again a wife twelve years old! (Sheykh Yussuf is thirty, he tells me; he looks twenty-two.) What a stepmother, and what a wife! He can repeat the whole Koran without book; it takes twelve hours to do it. He has read the Tourah (the Old Testament), and the Gospels (el Aangele), of course. "Every Alim reads them: 'the words of Seyyidna Issa are the true faith; but Christians have altered and corrupted their meaning. So we 'Muslims believe. We are all the 'children of God.' I ask if Muslims call themselves so, or only the slaves of God. 'It is all one—children or 'slaves. Does not a good man care for 'both tenderly alike?' (Pray observe the Oriental feeling here. *Slave* is a term of affection, not contempt; and remember the Centurion's '*servant* (slave), whom he loved.')" "Had heard 'from Fodl Pasha how a cow was cured 'of the prevailing disease in Lower 'Egypt by water, weighed against a 'Mushaf (copy of the Koran); no 'doubt it was true. Fodl Pasha had 'tried it." Yet Yussuf thinks the Arab doctors, who also use verses of the Koran, of no use at all.

M. de Ronge, the great Egyptologue, came here one evening; he speaks Arabic perfectly, and delighted Sheykh Yussuf, who was much interested in the translations of the hieroglyphics, and anxious to know if he had found anything about Moussa (Moses) or Yussuf (Joseph). He looked pleased and grateful to be treated like "a gentleman and a scholar," by such an alim as M. de Ronge, and such an "elmeh" (for a

woman) as myself. As he acts as clerk to Mustafa, our consular agent, and wears a shabby brown shirt or gown, and speaks no English, I dare say he not seldom encounters great slights (from sheer ignorance). He produced a bit of old Cufic manuscript, and consulted M. de Ronge as to its meaning,—a pretty little bit of flattery in an Arab alim to a Frenchman; to which the latter was not insensible, I saw. In answer to the invariable questions about all my family, I once told him my father had been a great alim of the law, and that my mother had got ready his written book, and put some lectures in order, to be printed. He was amazed, first that I had a mother, as he told me he thought I was fifty or sixty, and immensely delighted at the idea. "God has favoured your family with understanding and knowledge. I wish I could kiss the sheykhah, your mother's hand. May God favour her."

M——'s portrait (as usual) he admired fervently, and said one saw his good qualities in his face;—a compliment I could have fully returned as he sat looking at the picture with affectionate eyes, and praying, *sotto voce*, for "el gaddar, el gemeel" (the youth, the beautiful), in the words of the Fathah, "Oh, give him guidance, and let him not stray in the paths of the rejected!" Altogether something in Sheykh Yussuf reminds me of Worsley.<sup>1</sup> There is the same look of *Seelenreinheit*, with far less thought and intelligence (indeed, little thought), of course, and an additional child-like innocence. I suppose some mediæval monks may have had the same look, but no Catholic I have ever seen looks so peaceful or so unpretending. I see in him, as in all people who don't know what doubt means, an easy familiarity with religion. I hear him joke with Omar about Ramadan, and even about Omar's assiduous prayers, and he is a frequent and hearty laugh. I wonder whether this gives you any idea of a character new to you; it is so impossible to

describe manner, which produces so much of the impression of novelty.

*Luxor, March 10th.*—Yesterday was Bairam, and on Tuesday evening everybody who possessed a gun or a pistol banged away, every drum and taraboukeh was thumped, and all the children hallooeed, *Ramadan Mât! Ramadan Mât!* "Ramadan is dead," about the streets.

At daybreak Omar went to the early prayer, a special ceremony of the day; there were crowds of people; so, as it was useless to pray and preach in the mosque, Sheykh Yussuf went out upon a hillock in the burying-ground, where they all prayed, and he preached. Omar reported the sermon to me as follows (it is all extempore):—First Yussuf pointed to the graves,—"Where are all those people?" and to the ancient temples, "Where are those who built them? Do not strangers from a far country take away their very corpses to wonder at? What did their splendour avail them?" &c. &c. What, then, O Muslims, will avail that you may be happy when that comes which will come for all? Truly God is just, and will defraud no man, and He will reward you if you do what is right; and that is, to wrong no man, neither in his person, nor in his family, nor in his possessions. Cease then to cheat one another, O men! and to be greedy; and do not think that you can make amends by afterwards giving alms or praying or fasting, or giving gifts to the servants of the mosques. *Benefits come from God; it is enough for you if you do no injury to any man, and, above all, to any woman or little one!*

Of course the sermon was much longer, but this was the substance, Omar tells me; and pretty sound morality too methinks, and might be preached with advantage to a meeting of philanthropists in Exeter Hall. There is no predestination in Islam, and every man will be judged upon his actions. "Even unbelievers God will not defraud," says the Koran. Of course, the belief in meritorious works leads to the same sort of superstition as it does among Catho-

<sup>1</sup> Philip Stanhope Worsley, the translator of the "Odyssey."

lies—the endeavour to “make one's soul,” by alms, fastings, endowments, &c.; therefore Yussuf's stress upon doing no evil seems to me very remarkable and really profound.

After the sermon, all the company assembled rushed on Yussuf to kiss his head and his hands and his feet, and mobbed him so fearfully that he had to lay about him with the wooden sword, which is carried by the officiating alim. Yussuf came to wish me the customary good wishes soon after, and looked very hot and tumbled, and laughed heartily about the awful kissing he had undergone. All the men embrace on meeting on the festival of Bairam.

The kitchen is full of cakes, ring-shaped, which all my friends have sent me, just such as we see offered to the gods in the temples and tombs. I went and called on the Maõhn in the evening, and found a number of people all dressed in their best. Half were Copts, among them a very pleasing young priest, who carried on a religious discussion with Seleem Effendi,—strange to say, with perfect good humour on both sides.

A Copt came up with his farm-labourer, who had been beaten, and the field robbed. The Copt stated the case in ten words, and the Maõhn sent off his cawass with him to apprehend the accused persons, who were to be tried at sunrise and beaten, if found guilty, and forced to make good the damage.

*March 12th.*—Yesterday, we had a strange and unpleasant day's business. The evening before, I had my pocket picked in Karnac by two men who hung about me, one to sell a bird, the other, one of the regular “loafers” who lurk about the ruins to beg, and sell water or curiosities, and who are all a lazy, bad lot, of course. I went to Seleem, who wrote at once to the Sheykh el Beled of Karnac, to say that we should go over next morning at eight o'clock (two, Arab time), to investigate the affair, and to desire him to apprehend the men. Next morning Seleem fetched me, and Mustafa came to represent English interests, and as

we rode out of Luxor, the Sheykh el Ababdeh joined us with some of his tribe, with their long guns, and many more with lances; he was a volunteer, furious at the idea of a lady and a stranger being robbed. It is the first time it has happened here, and the desire to beat was so strong, that I went to act as counsel for the prisoner. Every one was peculiarly savage that it should have happened to me, a person well known to be friendly to “*El Muslemeen*.”

When we arrived we went into a square inclosure, with a sort of cloister on one side, spread with carpets, where we sat, and the wretched fellows were brought in in chains. To my horror, I found they had been beaten already; I remonstrated; “What if you have beaten the wrong men?” “Malesh, we will beat the whole village until your purse is found.” I said to Mustafa, “This won't do; you must stop this.” So Mustafa ordained, with the concurrence of the Maõhn, that the Sheykh el Beled and the “Gefieh,” (the keeper of the ruins,) should pay me the value of the purse; as the people of Karnac are very troublesome in begging and worrying, I thought this would be a good lesson to the said sheykh to keep better order, and I consented to receive the money, promising to return it and to give a napoleon over, if the purse comes back with its contents (3½ napoleons). The Sheykh el Ababdeh harangued the people on their ill-behaviour to “Hareemat,” and called them “Harames” (rascals), and was very high and mighty to the Sheykh el Beled. Hereupon, I went away on a visit to a Turkish lady in the village, leaving Mustafa to settle. After I was gone they beat eight or ten of the boys who had mobbed me and begged with the two men; Mustafa, who does not like the stick, stayed to see that they were not hurt, and so far it will be a good lesson to them. He also had the two men sent over to the prison here, for fear the Sheykh el Beled should beat them again, and will keep them here for a time. So far so good; but my fear now is, that innocent people will be squeezed to make up the

money, if the men do not give up the purse. I have told Sheykh Yussuf to keep watch how things go, and if the men persist in the theft, and don't return the purse, I shall give the money to those whom the Sheykh el Beled will assuredly squeeze, or else to the mosque of Karnac. I cannot pocket it, though I thought it quite right to exact the fine as a warning to the Karnac *mauvais sujets*.

The whole thing distressed me horribly. If I had not been there, they would have beaten right and left; and if I had shown any desire to have any one punished, evidently they would have half killed the two men. Mustafa behaved extremely well; he showed sense, decision, and more feelings of humanity than I at all expected of him.

Pray do try to get him paid. The English consuls at Cairo are not nearly so civil, and old Mustafa has all the trouble and work of the Nile boats (eighty-five this winter), and he is boundlessly kind and useful to the English, and a real protection against cheating. When Mustafa was appointed, there were about five or six boats a year, now there are always from seventy to one hundred and twenty, and he does not get a farthing, and is really out of pocket. Pray do not fail to represent all these things to Mr. Layard.

*April 6th.*—I told you how my purse had been stolen, and the proceedings thereanent. Well! Mustafa asked me several times what I wished to be done with the thief, who spent twenty-one days here in irons. With my absurd English ideas of justice, I refused to interfere at all; and Omar and I had quite a tiff, because he wished me to say, "Oh! poor man, let him go; I leave the affair to God." I thought Omar absurd; it was I who was wrong. The authorities concluded that it would oblige me very much if the poor devil were punished with "a rigour beyond the law;" and had not Sheykh Yussuf come and explained the nature of the proceedings, the man would have been sent up to the mines in *Fazogl for life*.

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out of civility to me. There was no alternative between my forgiving him "for the love of God," or sending him to certain death by a climate insupportable to these people. Mustafa and Co. tried hard to prevent Sheykh Yussuf from speaking to me, for fear I should be angry and complain at Cairo, if my vengeance were not wreaked on the thief; but he said he knew me better, and brought the *procès-verbal* to show me. Fancy my dismay. I went to Seleem Effendi and to the Cadi with Sheykh Yussuf, and begged the man might be let go, and not be sent to Keneh at all. Having settled this, I said that I had thought it right that the people of Karnac should pay the money I had lost, as a fine for their bad conduct to strangers, but that I did not require it for the sake of the money, which I would accordingly give to the poor of Luxor in the mosque and in the church (great applause from the crowd). I asked how many were Muslimeen and how many Nazranee, in order to divide the three napoleons and a half according to the numbers. Sheykh Yussuf awarded one napoleon to the church, two to the mosque, and the half to the water-drinking place, the Sebeel, which was also applauded. I then said, "Shall we send the money to the Bishop?" but a respectable elderly Copt said, "Malesh, malesh (never mind); better give it all to Sheykh Yussuf; he will send the bread to the church."

Then the Cadi made me a fine speech, and said I had behaved like a great Ameerah (lady), and one that feared God; and Sheykh Yussuf said he knew the English had mercy in their stomachs, and that I especially had Mussulman feelings (as we say, Christian charity).

Did you ever hear of such a state of administration of *justice*? Of course, sympathy here, as in Ireland, is mostly with the "poor man" in prison,—in trouble, as we say. I find that, accordingly, a vast number of disputes are settled by private arbitration, and Yussuf is constantly sent for to decide between contending parties, who abide

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by his decision rather than go to law ; or else, five or six respectable men are called upon to form a sort of amateur jury, and to settle the matter. In criminal cases, if the prosecutor is powerful, he has it all his own way ; if the prisoner can bribe high, he is apt to get off. All the appealing to my compassion was quite *en règle* ;—another trait of Egypt.

The other day we found all our water-jars empty, and our house unsprinkled ; on inquiry, it turned out that the Sakkas had all run away, carrying with them their families and goods, and were gone no one knew whither, in consequence of "some persons having authority," or one, a Turkish cawass (policeman), having forced them to fetch water for building purposes at so low a price that they could not bear it. My poor Sakka is gone without a whole month's pay—two shillings, the highest pay by far given in Luxor.

I am interested in another story. I hear that a plucky woman here has been to Keneh, and threatened the Moodir that she will go to Cairo, and complain to Effendina himself of the unfair drafting for soldiers ; her only son taken, while others have bribed off. She will walk in this heat all the way, unless she succeeds in frightening the Moodir, which, as she is of the more spirited sex in this country, she may possibly do. You see these Sacedees are a bit less patient than the people in Lower Egypt ; the Sakkas can strike, and a woman can face a Moodir.

Some one tried to put it into Omar's head that it was "Haran" to be too fond of us heretics and be faithful ; but he consulted Sheykh Yussuf, who promised him a reward hereafter for good conduct to me, and who told me of it as a good joke ; adding that he was "Ragul Ameen," the highest praise for fidelity,—the

*sobriquet* of the Prophet. Omar kisses the hands of his Sidi el Keeber (the great master), and desires his best salaam to the little master and the little lady, whose servant he is. He asks if I too do not kiss Scander Bey's hand in my letter, as I ought to do, as his Hareem ; or whether I make myself "big before my master," like some French ladies he has seen. Yussuf is quite puzzled about European women, and a little shocked at the want of respect to their husbands they display. I told him that the outward respect shown us by our men was *our veil*, and explained how superficial the difference was. He fancied that the law gave us the upper hand.

Omar reports yesterday's sermon,— "On Toleration," it appears. Yussuf took the text, "Thou shalt love thy brother as thyself, and never act towards him but as thou wouldst he should act towards thee." I forget the chapter and verse, but it seems he took the bull by the horns, and declared *all men* to be brothers,—not Muslimeen only,—and desired his congregation to look at the good deeds of others, and not at their erroneous faith ; for God is all-knowing (*i.e.* He only knows the heart), and if they saw aught amiss, to remember that the best man needs say "Astalfer Allah" (I beg pardon of God) seven times a day.

I wish the English could know how unpleasant and mischievous their manner of talking to their servants about religion is. Omar confided to me "how bad it felt to be questioned and then to see the Englishman laugh, or put up his lip and say nothing." "I don't want to talk about his religion at all, but if he talks about mine he ought to speak of his own too. You, my lady, say, when I tell you things, 'that is the same with us,' or that is different, or good, or not good, in your mind ; and that is the proper way, not to look like thinking, *all nonsense*."



# "THE RASH VOW."

A BED, four walls, and a swart crucifix—  
 Nought else, save my own brain and four small words!  
 Four scorpions! which, instead of cloistered death,  
 Have stung me into life! How long may't be  
 Since silver censers flung their incense up,  
 And in full choir a sound of voices rose,  
 Chaunting their even-song, and praising God—  
 "In that our brother here was dead, and lives?"  
 Then came the organ's surging symphony,  
 And I, a unit 'midst the tonsured crowd,  
 Passed on, a monk; while in my ear there rung  
 Those four short, burning words, "She was not false!"  
 Oh! fiend incarnate, that could urge me on,  
 E'en to the very brink and see me plunge—  
 Then, seeing, whisper what would else have saved  
 A life-long misery.

They brought me here  
 To pray, and keep the Vigil of St. John;  
 To make thanksgiving—What was it he said,  
 The reverend preacher who discoursed to-day?  
 "Many indeed are called, but chosen few."  
 Chosen! and this the Vigil of St. John,  
 When trembling maidens to the fountain come  
 To view their future husbands mirrored there:  
*She*, too, perhaps, may be amidst the throng?  
 Ah! me, I shall go mad. How long is it  
 Since I have grovelled here? It seems to me  
 Well nigh a life-time since they came and brought  
 The dim oil-lamp, that flickers near my head.  
 How heavily their flabby, naked feet  
 Came whilom flapping through the corridor!  
 "Our brother prays," quoth one; the other said,  
 (Poking the lamp's wick with his finger-tip)  
 "In truth I marvel not that he is moved;  
 An angel's self might have been stirred to hear  
 My Lord the Bishop as he preached to-day."  
 Poor souls! if they could but have read my heart,  
 It would have seared even *their* inert gross flesh  
 Into a flame of fear. I recollect,  
 On my young sister Isa's wedding day,  
 Our mother smiled, and said it brought to her  
 Again the freshness of her buried youth.  
 Great God! see! here is my own youth, unspent,  
 Living a death. Alas! no more for me  
 The silvery laughter of fair mirthful girls,  
 Like distant bells across the breezy downs;  
 No more the soft hands' thrilling touch, that sends  
 The young hot life-blood rushing through the veins;

Never again that interchange of looks,  
 The key-note of two souls in unison.  
 "Out! puling mourner," cries the moralist:  
 "Is it a 'crumpled rose-leaf in thy path'  
 O'er which thou walest?—what is youth and love?—  
 Hast thou not in thee something more than these—  
 Thy soul, immortal, indestructible?"  
 The words are but too true; though 'tis no "leaf;"  
 'Tis the whole flower I mourn, and mourn alone.  
 A young rose, dewy, budding in the morn—  
 I weep its fragrance lost, its beauty gone.  
 Life without love is naught,—'tis even as  
 The body without soul—a fleshy case  
 To carry aches and pains in. Soon will come  
 The first white hair, the harbinger of change,  
 To say, Time is, Time was, and Time is past.  
 Ay, past; for, love extinct, our life remains  
 (As 'twere a hearth where fire had blazed anon)  
 In ashes, and my youth is left to me  
 Like a pressed violet in a folded book;  
 A remnant of its fragrance breathing still,  
 To tell of spring-time past, ne'er to return.

Last May I roved with *her* into the woods:  
 The winter season o'er, the tender buds  
 Were shooting on the ash; the scent of Spring  
 Was round us, over us, and in our hearts;  
 The firmament a tender turquoise blue;  
 The cushat-dove was cooing in the grove;  
 All nature seemed as wooing, where we strayed  
 Along the sylvan glade. We passed the cairn,  
 The old grey, lichen-covered, mossy stones,  
 Where conies sport and graze, and at the foot  
 Of a tall chestnut-tree, upon a couch  
 Bedecked with primroses and branching ferns  
 (I at her feet), we sate. Anon there came  
 Athwart the thick and leafy canopy  
 Above us spread (now rich with vernal bloom),  
 A golden sunbeam, whose bright quivering ray,  
 Touching her brow with living amber glow,  
 And glancing on her deep, dark, liquid eyes,  
 Well-springs of truth and maiden purity—

Who calls? "Good brother, you are new as yet;  
 'Tis time for matins. All the brotherhood  
 Are now assembled, and the Prior waits:  
 Will't please you come?"

THOS. HERBERT LEWIN.

## SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

ON Mona's desolate shore, in a cavern by the sea, there dwelt long ages ago the last of the Druids. None knew whence he came or how long he had lived there alone; some said it was for a hundred years, and others that it was for a time far beyond the age of man, and that the Druid was no other than Merlin himself, who had seen Arthur die, and had dwelt in the halls of Caerleon, and worshipped in yet remoter time in the sun-temple of Stonehenge. Men and women travelled far to visit the solitary cavern where the Druid dwelt, and to ask him to reveal to them the mysteries of life and death; and kings came to consult him regarding war and the polity of states, and priests asked him concerning eternal things; and to all of them the Druid made response, and his words were wise and deep, and were treasured in many souls.

Now it came to pass one evening in the later autumn, when the air was still and shrouded, and the sere leaves were slowly dropping from the trees, and the salt green sea cast its tribute of wrack and shells at the door of the Druid's cave, that there came up together from different lands many suppliants, and they all entered into the cavern to entreat the seer to answer their questions and give them counsel. And behold the Druid sat on a stone in the depths of the cave, and the red firelight shone on his white raiment, and his hair and beard were white as snow, but his eye was blue and calm and sweet, and none who looked on him felt any more fear. And the suppliants drew near and saluted him reverently; and he bowed his head in token that they should speak, and each of them in turn spake; and the first said unto him:—

"O Druid! I am a queen of far-off islands, and my king, who loved me

well, loves me no more, nor seemeth to heed me, and I have given him my father's crown, and loved him with my whole heart. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the second suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a knight and I loved a lady who once gave me her troth; and I have borne it on my helm through many a bloody field, and I have brought her back glory and fame; yet she loves me no more. What must I do to awaken her love?"

And the third suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a rich man, and I loved my brother, and divided with him my lands and gold; but he loves me no more. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the fourth suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a bard, and I loved not one man only, but all the good and wise, and I poured out my soul in song; but they loved me not, nor responded to my words. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the fifth suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a seeker of knowledge, and I love my race, and have imparted to them the truths I have read in the stars and gathered from the ends of the earth; but they love me not, nor regard my lessons. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the sixth suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am not great, nor wise, nor rich, nor beautiful; I am but a poor maiden, and I love not only the good and learned, but also the weak and the ignorant, and I give them all my tears, and all my life; but they love me not,

and, because they love me not, I cannot serve them as I would. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the seventh suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a mother, and I love my only son; and I had no crown, or honour, or lands, or art, or wisdom, to give him; but I gave him what was more precious than them all—a mother's love. Yet he loves me not. What must I do to awaken his love?"

Then the seven suppliants stood silent, and the Druid sat still for a little space. And the night had fallen while they spake, and the fire had burned low, and the cave of the Druid was dark. And it came to pass, as they waited patiently, that the depth of the cavern seemed to become light, as if a luminous mist were filling it. And, as they gazed at the mist, behold! as if reclining on clouds, lay a form as of a beautiful youth, more beautiful than any of the children of men; and he lay asleep. And the Druid spake to the suppliants and said:—"Behold now, and see how Love sleepeth; and how heavy are his slumbers; and who is he that shall awaken him?" And lo! there came through the mist a train of beautiful forms, and

each of them passed by the couch of Love, and strove to waken him with kisses and with tears. And some tried hollow smiles, though their eyes were dim; and others were seen to wring their hands and kneel at his feet in agony; and others brought him crowns, and sceptres, and gold, and gems, and stars of honour, and wreaths of fame, and they cried with exceeding bitter cries, "O Love, awake! awake!" But Love slumbered on, nor heeded any, and his sleep was unbroken alike by their kisses, or gifts, or tears.

Then there came forth from the mist another form, pale and cold, and dressed in the cerements of the grave; and it passed slowly nearer and nearer to the couch, till its shadow fell like the shadow of a cloud over Love as he slept.

Then Love sprang up with a wild and terrible cry, and held forth his arms for those to return who had striven to waken him so long, but who now were passed away beyond his reach for ever. And the Druid turned mournfully to the suppliants and said:—"Only this solace have I for your aching hearts, SLEEPING LOVE WILL WAKEN WHEN OVER HIM FALLS THE SHADOW OF DEATH!"

## SANREMO REVISITED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR ANTONIO."

### PART I.

HAPPENING last autumn to make a short stay in the Riviera, one of my first thoughts was to go and pay a visit to Sanremo. I never fail to do so when I am in the neighbourhood.

I am very fond of Sanremo. I hope you have already an acquaintance with it; if not, let me tell you that it is as lovely a bit of land as any that graces the lovely western Riviera of Genoa; full at all seasons of sun, of warmth, of colour, of palm, and lemon, and orange trees. Ariosto had Sanremo in his mind

when, describing the voyage of Gano's galley, he brings it in sight of—

... "i monti Ligustici, e Riviera  
Che con aranci e sempre verdi mirti,  
Quasi avendo perpetua primavera,  
Sparge per l'aria i bene oleuti spirti."

Sanremo's patent of beauty, you see, does not date from yesterday, nor is it signed by an obscure name. Between you and me, the verses quoted above are not among the most felicitous of the poet, but they are to the point, and therefore I transcribe them. What greater praise can be bestowed upon any spot than to say that it enjoys a perpetual

spring? By-the-bye, do not look for my quotation in the pages of the far-famed *Orlando Furioso*, but rather in the first of the less-known *Cinque Canti*, which Ariosto intended as a continuation of his celebrated poem.

Sanremo was the first romance of my boyhood. To it I owe some of the strongest and pleasantest emotions of my young life. My uncle, the canon, had a friend there, to whom he occasionally paid a visit, taking me with him. Now from Taggia to Sanremo it is only an hour-and-a-half's drive; but such was the fuss made about it, and the time of it, and the mode of it—so multifarious were the conditions to which its realization was subjected—that it could not but assume very remarkable proportions in the rather excitable imagination of a boy of eight years old. Indeed, had I had to cross the great Desert, I could not have set out with a keener sense of travelling in right earnest, that delight of all delights at my age, than I did on these occasions, especially the first two or three of them. Habit lessened, but did not wear out the impression.

Each of the trips formed quite an epoch in my life. I dreamed of nothing else for a whole fortnight previous—and oh! how my heart would leap into my mouth at every cloud that rose on the sky, lest it might interfere with our starting; and I dreamed of nothing else for a whole fortnight after. I can still imagine what must have been the peculiar joys of the road—the glory of a seat by the side of Bacciccin, the vetturino—a glory bought at the price of a fib (the fib that I felt sick inside); then the possession of the aforesaid Bacciccin's whip, and the consequent sweet delusion that I was really driving; the patronizing of the respectful peasant boys, who acknowledged my superiority as they passed, and the pulling faces at the disrespectful ones, who refused any such homage—nay, who dared to make fun of me; and last, not least, the trying my skill in making ducks and drakes in the sea during the frequent halts of Bacciccin, who was continually struggling to mend the harness, which was continually breaking, and such like.

As for the joys which I found at Sanremo—our stay there varied from a minimum of two to a maximum of four days—at this distance of time I am sorely puzzled to determine the elements of which they were composed. The palms certainly must have been one of the principal—the palms, the sight of which stirred within me all the poetic feelings of which I was possessed—the palms, on which I doated. As for the rest of the components of my happiness, they were most likely the excitement of novelty, the break in a dreary routine, the exemption from all scholastic tasks, and a *quant. suff.* of liberty of movement. Had the picturesqueness of the landscape, the glorious expanse of the sea, the soft mellowness of the air, anything to do with my enjoyment of Sanremo? I suppose they had, though I might not be conscious of it; the conditions of climate, and the natural beauties of the cosy valley close by—my temporary home—were too little inferior, if so at all, to those of Sanremo, for me to feel the difference; and, as to the sea, of which we had only a distant glimpse from our house, it was too familiar an object to the eyes of one born and brought up in a sea-port town, to produce any overpowering impression on me. I took it for granted, in my innocence, that the whole world was made in the same image as our infinitesimal one. It was only after a long tasting of the piercing fogs of the Thames, and of the bitter blasts of the Seine, that, restored to the land of the myrtle and orange-tree, the boy, now a mature man, could appreciate thoroughly the blessings of these mild Italian skies, and sunny bowers, where winter is only a name, and where, if one was wise, one ought to settle, and refresh both body and mind during at least six months of the year.

Would I might say that I had been that wise man, as I should now be spared the mortification of confessing that my last visit to Sanremo dates as far back as 1857, full seven years ago! The fact is, we do not shape our lives: force of circumstances and habit do it for us, not rarely at the cost of our own inclinations;



thus we arrive at the end of our journey with a sense of bitter wonderment at not having chosen better the stages of it.

Be this as it may, the Sanremo I visited in 1857 had as much improved on that of my boyhood, as the Sanremo of 1864 has improved on that of 1857. Wonderful, is it not, that the little town should have found seven years suffice for a stride forwards, to accomplish the like of which had previously cost her a period equal to that of the wandering of the Jews after their escape from bondage! Surely, to account for this result, there must have been something else at work besides the law of progress, some strong impellent motive. And it was so.

Have you never seen a beauty, strong in her native charms, disdain the aid of all ornaments so long as her heart is yet silent? Well, see that same beauty the moment her heart has spoken, and you will find her abounding in devices for pleasing. This was the case with Sanremo. Her heart, yet mute in 1857, suddenly began to speak in the following year, or thereabouts, and she grew coquettish at once. Yes, Sanremo fell in love with . . . But I am betraying a secret before the proper time.

Let us return instead to the Sanremo of 1857. The change which struck me most was its new approach. Formerly you entered it by a narrow, irregular road; now it was by what the French would call a broad *boulevard*, running parallel to the sea, through the whole length of the town. The fashionables of the locality had chosen it, as well they might, for their favourite walk. But even the word *boulevard* does not give a just idea of its charms. Who knows of another *boulevard* flanked on both sides by such gardens as flourish there!—smiled upon by such a sky and sea as shine and sparkle there!—and which wears in its cap two such fine feathers as the two secular palm-trees waving yonder! Therefore allow me to say that the entrance, or *boulevard*, of Sanremo is indeed worth looking at.

The other welcome novelty which gladdened my eyes was a handsome new

street, which, starting at right angles from the Boulevard of the Palms, goes straight towards the sea. The Sanremaschi have called it Via Gioberti—one of those excellent ideas which carry along with them their reward, for by doing honour to the memory of a great Italian they have done honour to themselves. I noticed, too, with pleasure, a good sprinkle of freshly-built houses—I was almost tempted to call them palaces, they were so large and handsome. Some were already finished, some only in course of construction. I remarked one, if not two *caffès*, of which I had no recollection; they seemed as clean as they were smart. Most of the shops looked as if they had lately adopted the habit of washing their faces: some few aimed even at elegance. The town had gained an unknown aspect of cleanliness—relative cleanliness, you understand.

But as to hotels it had remained sadly stationary; which, after all, was quite as it ought to be. At the time of which I am speaking, Sanremo was not yet in love—consequently had no desire to please anybody but itself. The improvements which it had realized had had exclusively in view its own comfort and pleasure, and not that of others; now, what could it care about hotels, to which it never went?

So the only hotel of Sanremo continued to be that kept by Signora Angelinin, the hotel “della Palma”—that very same, with the exception of some few microscopic changes for the better, to which in times of yore I had more than once accompanied my uncle, the canon, not to take up our quarters there, but to pay a visit to the landlady. The most that could be said in behalf of the hotel “della Palma” was, that it was decent. One certainly would not have chosen it as a place of abode for any length of time; but the traveller detained by business or stress of weather might easily have passed a week or so there, without being too much to be pitied. The cooking department of “La Palma” enjoyed a well-deserved renown, and Signora Angelinin had the reputation of

being very civil and attentive. As for the house itself, nothing could be uglier—outside it was like a barrack, and inside little better than its looks. The distribution of the rooms was inconvenient, and the furniture sparing.

I do not trust for these details to the recollections of my boyhood, but rather to impressions received at a far later date. Between 1847 and the present day I have had frequent opportunities of enjoying the good cheer of the "Palma," though I rarely passed the night there. The hostess had by that time gone to her long rest, and her son and heir reigned over the hotel in her stead. Signor Angelino, some fifteen years ago, was a very handsome young fellow, the very picture of careless content, withal extremely good-natured. He had a passion for fowling, to gratify which he brought up in cages all sorts of small birds, especially blackbirds and nightingales, a task which does not lack its difficulties. Nightingales are queer things to deal with; they rarely survive the loss of their liberty. Busy with his birds, Signor Angelino of course did not work himself to death for the benefit of his customers. Why should he? He had no competition to fear; the hotel was well frequented; the diligences from Nice and from Genoa stopped there daily for dinner; most of the vetturini did the same, and the young landlord's purse filled apace.

For me personally Signor Angelino was always overflowing with attention; and I must do him the justice to say that I invariably found at his house, besides an excellent dinner, an additional dish of *buona cera*, to use a picturesque Italian expression. With one exception, though; and this was on the occasion of my last visit to Sanremo in 1857. The fare was, as usual, excellent, but mine host's reception left something to be desired. Polite as it was, I was sensible that there was an absence of that hearty cordiality to which he had accustomed me. For instance, instead of bestowing on me the light of his countenance, as had been his habit, during the meal, he held entirely aloof. Even

the dirty little fellow who waited on me, whistling all the while, showed me a clouded visage. It was not his whistling almost into my ear—not an unprecedented process—that gave me umbrage; it was his uncommunicativeness, so contrary to his nature, which struck me as premeditated. However, when I had paid my bill and left the hotel, I forgot these trifling incidents.

On my way to the convent of the Capuchins I stepped into a shop, where I was well known, to buy a cigar. The man behind the counter handed me the cigars in silence, as he would have done to a stranger. I thought he had not recollected me, and I told him so. He said that he remembered me perfectly. I asked about his wife and children. The answer was laconic: "They are well, I thank you." Surely the man was labouring under the same difficulty of speech that afflicted Signor Angelino and the little waiter of "La Palma." A strange coincidence, thought I; perhaps one of those epidemics, like typhus or miliary fever, which suddenly lay hold of a whole town, or even district. A benign malady, after all, this, which I was beginning to detect, for is it not written that in the "multitude of words there wanteth no sin"? We'll see, at all events, if Padre Tommaso has caught the infection.

I was ringing the bell of the convent door as I thus reflected. Padre Tommaso is a worthy Capuchin friar, and an old friend of mine. I made his acquaintance many, many years ago at Taggia; and, since he has been stationed at Sanremo, I never fail, whenever I go thither, to call on him. Well, was it a delusion on my part, or had Padre Tommaso really caught the infection? He said he was glad to see me, but he did not look as if he were so. He inquired if I intended to stay any time at Sanremo, and my reply in the negative seemed to relieve him. On former occasions he had always pressed me to stay. There were in his countenance and manner unmistakable signs of embarrassment. He found little to say, though it was evident he was doing his

utmost to be talkative; the conversation flagged so pitifully that after a few minutes of mutual discomfort I rose to go.

"By-the-bye," he said, rising also, speaking in a tone too careless not to be assumed; "by-the-bye, you have written a book; at least so I have been told."

"Quite true," I replied. "You have not read it, I see."

"Not I," said the padre; "but I have heard it spoken of by those who have. It appears that you make mention of this place."

"True again. I have described it, and many of the beautiful localities of the neighbourhood."

"I hope," continued the padre with more emotion than the occasion seemed to me to warrant, "that you have not treated Sanremo too harshly."

"Treat Sanremo harshly!" cried I astonished; then I added, half laughing, "Had I tried to do so I should have been in the predicament of Balaam, forced to bless in spite of himself."

Padre Tommaso did not look convinced by what I stated, and I frankly told him so.

A slight flush suffused the reverendo's features as he made answer that what I said he was bound to believe; he could not doubt my word; and upon this we separated.

That same evening, as we were taking a cup of tea together in my little den at Taggia, I communicated to my friend and doctor Signor Martini my impressions of the day at Sanremo, among which naturally figured those produced on me by the coldness of mine host of the "Palma" and the tobaccoist, and especially by the alteration which I thought I had remarked in Padre Tommaso's manner to me.

Doctor Martini smiled his quiet smile, and said, "Since it has come to this, I may as well tell you all about it. Perhaps I have been stupid to conceal it from you; but the fact is that Sanremo has taken umbrage at a certain passage in 'Doctor Antonio,' which in their eyes is highly disparaging to their town and its environs."

(I ought to have said before that an Italian translation of "Doctor Antonio" had appeared towards the end of 1856.)

"A passage disparaging to Sanremo, or any inch of the Riviera!" cried I in amazement. "If you can show me a word anything but laudatory as to all this part of the country, I will go bare-foot, a rope round my neck, and perform public penance to Sanremo."

"Give me a copy of 'Doctor Antonio,'" said the doctor, "and I will point out to you the paragraph incriminated. Here it is, at page six, first chapter:—"What is the name of this 'place?' asks Miss Davenne. "Sanremo," is the answer. Sir John Davenne 'does not approve of the name, at least 'one may argue as much from his pursed-up lips as he hears it. He looks up 'the street, and down the street, and 'finally draws in his head. Had Sir 'John Davenne kept a note-book, he 'would probably have made an entry of 'this sort: "Sanremo, a queer-looking 'place; narrow, ill-paved streets; high, 'irregular houses; ragged people; swarms 'of beggars;" and so on for a whole 'page. Fortunately for the public reputation of Sanremo, Sir John kept no 'note-book."

"But, my dear friend," said I, "it is as clear as the sun at noonday that the sentiment here expressed is not the author's; it is put in the mouth of a fastidious Englishman, who loathes every thing and every place that is not English. The very exaggeration of the expression 'swarms of beggars,' while there are in reality only two, not to speak of the context and the spirit of the whole sentence, points clearly to its prejudiced source."

"Just so," said the doctor; "and the trying to render which comprehensible to your critics has nearly given me a pneumonia; but I might as well have saved myself the trouble and risk. Passion is blind, you know; and there remains the passage with its ugly words."

"But there are other passages in the book," said I, taking it up, "which ought to have rectified any false impressions created by the one in question;

this, for instance, at page 202, eleventh chapter:—"Sir John had ridden over to Sanremo to inspect a garden recommended to his notice by Dr. Antonio. The owner of the garden had himself shown Sir John over the grounds, and placed all the plants at the baronet's disposal. A most gentlemanlike person," Sir John asserted. What a pity (says the author), what a pity, Sir John, you do not keep a note-book now!" Is not this tantamount to saying in so many words, 'Your first hasty judgment on Sanremo was the offspring of ignorance and prejudice; better taught by experience, you would do it more justice now?'"

The doctor, after musing a little, proposed that I should put in writing what I had just said, and send it to one of the Genoese newspapers popular at Sanremo, adding, "It would be an infinite satisfaction to the town."

I answered that I would think the matter over, and so I did; but before I had made up my mind I was called away from Italy. Other scenes, other occupations, other cares engrossed my attention; and, as time slipped on, so all about this *quid pro quo* slipped also out of my recollection, to loom on me again only the other day, when, as I have said at the beginning of this paper, happening to be again in the vicinity of Sanremo, my heart prompted me to go and pay it a visit.

## PART II.

THERE being only five vehicles for hire at Taggia, to make sure of one, I sent word to Bernardino, the evening previous to my intended trip, to let me know if I could have his carriage for the next day. Bernardino is one of the five Automedons of Taggia. An answer in the affirmative had scarcely arrived when Doctor Martini entered, and exclaimed hurriedly, "I have this minute come from Sanremo, and I am commissioned to entreat you not to go thither to-morrow." The Doctor was heated, and, as it seemed to me, in a state of exasperation; seeing which, I jumped

to the hasty conclusion that his errand might have some sort of connexion with that absurd story of seven years ago. I said accordingly, half laughing, half provoked, "Why shouldn't I go! Does Sanremo still thirst after my blood? Am I to be hanged or only pelted? Which is it to be?"

"Indeed, I would not guarantee your not being killed with—kindness," said the Doctor, whose elation I had mistaken for exasperation. Doctor Martini has a weakness—that of seeing me not such as I am, but such as the magnifying-glass of his friendship represents me to be; and, whenever he sees what he calls justice done me, he sparkles like a glass of champagne. "Fancy," continued he, "they have planned to send their band to meet you!"

"Mercy on me!" cried I; "you were indeed quite right to advise me not to go."

"Not on account of the band—for, knowing your horror of anything like fuss, I battled hard against the band, and carried my point. They have another reason for wishing you to delay your visit. You must know that, as soon as it transpired that you were at Taggia—and the fact was only public yesterday morning—the Town Council met, and named a deputation of three members, the mayor and two councilmen, to wait upon and compliment you. Now, this deputation is to be here to-morrow, and would be plunged in the depths of despair if you were to be beforehand with them."

I was struck dumb—band, deputation, compliments! About what, I should like to know. All that I claimed from Sanremo was that it should be just, and behold! it chose to be generous to the verge of extravagance! There was nothing for it, however, but to take the wind as it blew, and send to Bernardino counter-order for the morrow, and a fresh order for the day after that.

Next day, in fact, about two in the afternoon, a carriage stopped at the door, and three gentlemen alighted—the deputation, of course. I gave orders that they should be instantly introduced,

and, taking for granted that the most portly of the three was the mayor—queer that he should have such an English face though?—I went up to him with outstretched hand, and said, “Signor Sindaco. . . .”

“I am no Sindaco,” said the gentleman addressed, in the raciest English, “I am Doctor Whitley, an English resident at Sanremo, who . . .”

“Very glad to make your acquaintance; pray be seated,” said I, and turning to his next neighbour, I reiterated, “Signor Sindaco.”

“I am no Sindaco, but Mr. Congreve, also an English resident at Sanremo.”

“Very glad to see you;” and, pointing to a chair, I turned to the remaining visitor, my last resource, and began once again, “Signor Sindaco,” to which the answer this time came in good Italian, “Non sono il Sindaco, sono il Dottor Panizzi.”

“Welcome,” said I aloud, and thought *in petto*, “Where can this Sindaco be? What has become of the deputation?”

My fellow-countryman apparently read my perplexity in my face, for he hastened to explain how he and his two companions came to be where they were. But first I must tell the reader that Signor Panizzi is a physician in good practice at Sanremo, who does not give himself out to be the real and genuine Doctor Antonio, as I am told some others do, but rests satisfied with being himself—the modest, well-informed, and gentlemanly person that he is. And let me take this opportunity to declare that Doctor Antonio, good, bad, or indifferent as he may be, is an original picture of my own, and nowise a copy, and that consequently nobody sat for it, or could sit for it.

To return to Doctor Panizzi. He explained to me how, at the very moment of starting for Taggia, the mayor had received a telegram from Turin, which necessitated his immediately convoking the Town Council. The telegram concerned the payment in advance of the land-tax for 1865—a measure which, be it said *en passant*, created that noble race among the municipal bodies of the

Peninsula, as to which should be foremost to pay. The mayor had politely expressed the wish that I should be informed of the delay and its cause, as well as of the intention of the deputation to present themselves without fail on the morrow; and Doctor Panizzi had kindly volunteered to bring me the message, upon which the two English gentlemen had proposed to accompany him.

I thanked the ambassador, as I best could, for his kindness, and also his companions, for the honour they had conferred on me by their visit, and then we had a little desultory chat on sundry subjects; and if, on after-thought, my visitors were only half as pleased with me as I was with them, I may thank my lucky stars indeed.

Bernardino, for the second time, received a counter-order for the following day, and a fresh order for the one after, with something else to boot to allay his just impatience.

The deputation kept its appointment this time; true to its word, it arrived next morning. The identification of the mayor proved the source of a fresh blunder on my part. The gentleman whom from his expansiveness I singled out as the chief magistrate turned out to be only a common councilman. He had been a great friend of my uncle the canon, and had known me as a boy, which accounted for the warmth of his greeting. The other councilman had been a schoolfellow of mine at Genoa. I was really touched and grateful for the pleasure they manifested at meeting me again after the lapse of so many years. The only stranger was the mayor, but in a twinkling we were excellent friends.

Many flattering things were said to me, which I need not repeat—among others, that Sanremo owed me a good deal already, and that it hoped to owe me still more. The good I had done Sanremo, they explained, was the sprinkle of English residents that I had sent thither—the good which they expected was the far greater number of British gentry whom they hoped I would send,



I answered, after returning thanks for such a flattering opinion of my influence in England, that I was sorry to see that the Sanremaschi were labouring under a delusion, which I must needs destroy; for, as I was in no way disposed to accept the responsibility of the future, so I must decline all credit for the past. The honest truth then was, that I had not had it in my power, nor, in all likelihood ever would have it in my power to send any one to Sanremo ("No, no," and other strong protests against this declaration). I insisted that I was stating a fact. I had perhaps contributed to some extent in attracting the attention of some foreign tourists towards the Riviera; that might be true (emphatic assent), but I was bound to say that, not for a whole cargo of Doctor Antonios would a single Englishman have stayed there for a week, had he not found a *quant. suff.* of the desiderata no Englishman ever dispenses with—salubrity, cleanliness, and comfort. Let Sanremo increase the amount of comfort which it can offer to its visitors, and a good harvest of them would not fail to Sanremo!

The deputation said *una voce* that my advice should be followed, but that I must promise to stand by them, and held to it more than ever that "I could an if I would" render them marvellous service. This *parti pris* of theirs to make me the pivot of their hopes astounded, nay alarmed, me the more that it was entertained not by ordinary people, but by gentlemen of education and learning, who ought to have known better. I know by sad experience that the Tarpeian rock lies close by the Capitol.

In the meantime my faithful steward and friend, Berenger, had by the luckiest chance disinterred from some nook a bottle of champagne—*vara avis* in those parts—and I challenged my guests to drink to the prosperity of Sanremo, which was done with enthusiasm. I next proposed the toast of the Town Council of Sanremo—that enlightened and deserving body, to whose intelligence, perseverance, and fine taste it was

owing, that the charming town they represented had become such an eligible abode for the rich, the invalid, the searchers after novelty of all countries. Encouraged by the applause with which this preamble was received, I went on to say, not without a purpose, "Of course I speak from hearsay, for as yet I have had no opportunity of visiting Sanremo, and forming an estimate of what has been accomplished in improvements and embellishment; but from what I have been told, I do not hesitate even now to declare, and to declare emphatically, that the future of Sanremo is in the hands of Sanremo itself. . . ."

"No, no—in yours," shouted three voices in chorus.

"Gentlemen," I replied, "believe me when I say that it is given to no single individual to work out such collective results as you count upon from me . . ."

"But you can if you will," repeated the three voices.

I mused a little; then said, "I regret to observe that you still persist in greatly over-rating my influence, or abilities. It is my desire and intention that there should be no misapprehension between us. The little that I can do, I willingly promise to do, and it is this: I will go to Sanremo, keep my eyes wide open, and afterwards write down my impressions of all I have seen there, and then do my best to have them published."

This assurance put an end apparently to all divergence of opinion between the deputation and me—I say apparently, for at the bottom their estimate and my estimate as to the results likely to arise from the realization of my promise, were as wide apart as they could well be. However, they protested that it was just what they wished—they could desire nothing better; and we parted as cheerfully as we had met; no small boast, considering the errand on which they came.

This time, thank God, I had not to countermand the order for the carriage on the morrow. But man proposes and God disposes. The counter-order came from a quarter which there is no with-

standing; the whole of the following morning it did not rain but pour, and, the period of my staying at Taggia drawing towards an end, I began to entertain serious apprehensions lest I should have to put off my survey of Sanremo to next year, or indeed the next after that. Who could tell?

Yes, gentle reader, it rains at Taggia, and even at Sanremo. But be not alarmed; it rains very seldom—too seldom, I was going to say. In the last-named locality there are from 40 to 50 wet days in the year, divided thus: 15 to 20 in the autumn, 12 to 15 in the winter, 10 to 15 in the spring, and 5 to 6 in the summer. Altogether you may count on 250 fine days—really fine sunny days. One might be satisfied with less; what do you say?

Fortunately the weather got out of its fit of sulks quickly, as it generally does in these latitudes. The sky cleared towards the evening, and on the morrow there was not a cloud to intercept the brightness of the sun's rays. By ten o'clock in the forenoon, now in the warm sunshine, oftener under the light mysterious shade of the overhanging olive-trees, we had cleared at a brisk trot the short inland cut which separates Taggia from the high road to Nice, and, turning to the right, were traversing the small hamlet of Arma, the headquarters at present of the engineers and workmen employed on the railroad, which, in a couple of years, is to bind in its iron grasp the whole of the Riviera from Genoa to Nice. Here is a change indeed from the days of my boyhood!—a change whose result will be nothing less in due time than a radical transformation for the better in the intellectual and economical conditions of the country.

At this point the wide sea bursts upon view, and one's spirits expand with the spreading horizon, and dance with the waves breaking softly on the beach, along which the road continues to wind. But what huge rock is that yonder rising from out the sea? I do not recollect having ever remarked it before. "That is Corsica," replied Bernardino, laughing

in his sleeve. Bless me, so it was! I had seen it hundreds of times formerly from Genoa, looming in the distance, but never once in my life standing in such distinct relief against the sky. Some optical phenomenon made it appear so close that really one might have thought of hiring a boat in the belief that it could be reached in a couple of hours. It was a sight worth seeing.

In less than an hour after we were passing by the numerous country-houses which, scattered among vines and orange groves, form a smiling suburb to Sanremo, on this its eastern side. Here I stood up. . . . I have forgotten to say in its proper place, and I repair the omission, that I had left the inside of the carriage to my companions, who must excuse me if, for brevity's sake, I keep them out of sight, and that, to enjoy the prospect more fully, I had perched myself on the box by the side of Bernardino. So then I stood up, and, peering earnestly before and behind, to the right and the left, and up and down the road, and descrying not the least trace of the dreaded city band, I made bold to desire Bernardino to drive at a slow pace through the town, and not to stop for any call, or halt whatever, until we reached the Convent of the Cappuccini, which lies quite at the western extremity of Sanremo.

I had a double motive for acting thus. First of all, I wished to pay my respects to my old friend Padre Tommaso, and I apprehended that, if I delayed my call until I had met Doctor Panizzi, whose guests we were to be, other calls and sight-seeing might interfere with my visit to the Capuchin. Padre Tommaso had last seen me under a threatening cloud, and I was not sorry to show myself to him now, basking in the sunshine of popularity, and taking "fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks."

My second motive was that the impressions I might receive from what I was about to see, should be quite spontaneous and perfectly uninfluenced by those of others.

The order to Bernardino had not been

given a minute before we came upon a building which I was sure was new. It was a beautiful mansion to our left, with a neat sweep up to the door, and shut off from the road by high iron rails. It bore inscribed on its front, "Hotel Victoria." Prepared as I was for something very handsome in the way of hotels, I confess that the reality surpassed my expectations; and I had not quite recovered from my agreeable surprise, when lo, and behold! another new house confronts me, this time on my right. This also has a nice sweep, and this also is an hotel, as an inscription in cubital letters—"Hotel d'Angleterre"—informs wayfarers. Another two minutes, and we enter Sanremo by the beautiful boulevard that you know. My eyes naturally search for the long and well-known Hotel della Palma, and instead of its grim familiar face find the . . . "Hotel de la Grande Bretagne." Where is the old barrack gone? With the new name, it seems, it has put on a new skin, and a very pleasing one. Upon my word, thought I, a much larger place than this might well be proud of three such hotels. I must have thought aloud, for Bernardino said, "There is a fourth, sir." "A fourth! let us go and look at it;" and at five minutes' distance, past a turning of the road, there towered above us what we might have taken for a palace, but for the name inscribed on its façade, "Hotel de Londres."

So we say Hotel de Londres, Hotel de la Grande Bretagne, Hotel Victoria, Hotel d'Angleterre—four titles which are tantamount to a formal declaration. The reader has not waited till now to guess Sanremo's secret. Yes, Sanremo is in love with the English—Sanremo has been in love with the English for many years past. There's nothing that Sanremo will not do to propitiate the English. Sanremo will build more hotels, will lay out more new streets, will commit any extravagance. Sanremo is ready, in order to make room for its wished-for guests, to do like the Romans of old, go and bivouac on any of the seven hills on which it is said to stand.

But Sanremo must have plenty of English, or die.

On our way back to the Convent we met Doctor Panizzi in hot chase of us; so we got out of the carriage, and, after a cordial greeting given and received, it was agreed that my companions should go shopping (Sanremo is a little capital for Taggia and the surrounding small towns), and that the Doctor should accompany me to Padre Tommaso. We rang, and rang, and rang the Convent bell for a quarter of an hour at least without succeeding in bringing anybody to the door. It was the hour, I suppose, of the monks' meditation; so, our time being short, I gave up in despair Padre Tommaso, and went instead, as it was my duty to do, to pay my respects to the Mayor and the gentlemen of the deputation. This done, we joined our shopping friends on the boulevard, as we had previously settled, and walked *viribus unitis* to our head-quarters to be, the Hotel d'Angleterre.

Had I had any option in the matter, which was not the case, and, as it seems, could not be the case, it would have been the hotel of my choice for the simple reason that the landlord was my old acquaintance, Signor Angelino of the "Palma." But Doctor Panizzi, when he had done me the honour of coming to see me at Taggia, had explained to me that I could not go to any one of the Sanremo hotels upon my own account without the certainty of offending, if not injuring, the other three,—an inconvenience that might be remedied, however, if I, with my party of course, would consent to be his guests at an hotel of his own choosing. I confess I did not much see the difference; still, considering the earnestness with which the proposal was urged, I thought it wise to comply with it. Perhaps it was only a blind to induce me to accept of the Doctor's hospitality.

Be this as it may, here we were at the Hotel d'Angleterre, shaking hands with Signor Angelino, who was waiting for us at the door, and whose reception of me did not lack in cordiality this time. Dinner would be on the table within

ten minutes—a not unwelcome announcement—and perhaps in the meantime, suggested the landlord, it might amuse us to take a look at the internal arrangements of the Hotel. We asked for nothing better. We accordingly went over the whole house: it is not large, and it was therefore easy to inspect all the details; and the more we saw the greater our surprise and gratification. It was like a dream to me, who could contrast the past with the present, to find myself in a Sanremo hotel replete with every comfort which characterizes a good Swiss inn, that perfection of its kind. Carpets everywhere, stairs included, well-furnished sitting-rooms, nice white-curtained bedrooms, good iron bedsteads, mirrors and dressing-tables, washhand-stands with every appliance for ablutions, all other proper arrangements, fireplaces in every room, and abundance of arm-chairs and sofas. Some of the windows open into balconies, and all command a fine view, over intervening sloping wooded banks, of the sea, and of the town, climbing pyramid-like up its verdant hills; not to mention the sight of the road below, which, being a thoroughfare, and, besides, a favourite lounge of the residents, is not wanting in animation and attraction, especially at certain hours. The Hotel d'Angleterre seems built on purpose for persons of a sociable, yet shy temperament, who, though appreciating the advantages of an isolated position, and of the free play of the air, and the absence of bad smells which it secures, yet enjoy feeling themselves in some sort of communication with their fellow-creatures. Sketchers especially, and lovers of picturesque groups, will find here ample and not-to-be-despised pabulum for their brush or pencil.

Nothing could be more cheerful than the *salle à manger*, where we sat down to dinner, with its fine prospect and gaily-painted ceiling—nothing more inviting than the dinner-table, with its rich display of snow-white damask, silver, and glass, all glancing in the reflex of a bright Italian November sun. Signor Angelino, dressed in a smart

black coat, took his place at the hospitable board, and did the honours in excellent style, and in a most cordial spirit. We were waited upon no longer by the dirty whistling little fellow, but by a couple of good-sized, clean-looking, black-coated, regular waiters.

The dinner was capital, and so were the wines. At dessert we had a plentiful supply of champagne, and hearty were the toasts we drank to the prosperity of the Hotel d'Angleterre. Might all the expense and care lavished on it be repaid four-fold; might it soon be chokeful with guests from cellar to attic!

"May God hear you!" said Signor Angelino, with emotion; "for, if the English don't come, I don't know how it will fare with me; or rather, I know too well. I have staked upon this undertaking my all, and their all," pointing to his wife and daughters, who just then entered.

As he spoke, I for the first time remarked a certain alteration in his appearance. He had still the open blue eye of yore, and the frank, good-humoured face, but its once careless expression had fled from it. It was the same landscape, only there was no longer any sun on it.

"God will help us, and so will Signor Giovanni," said Signora Angelino, with an appealing glance to me. (It is customary in those parts to address people by their Christian names.)

"My dear signora," I replied, "I have only good wishes to give, and those are sincerely yours."

"Ah, Signor Giovanni, you can give something better than wishes, if you have the will," urged Signor Angelino. "You know the English; you can bring them to us; you brought the first who ever came here, you know."

It was as touching as it was absurd to see these simple-minded people pinning their success upon a retired student, as though he was a lord of the land, or a potent star of fashion. It was of no use to argue the point; so I contented myself with a still stronger declaration of my utter want of power, and at the same time of my good will.

We were just on the move to go and visit the other hotels, as I had been invited to do through Doctor Panizzi, when a messenger brought me a very nicely engraved plan of Sanremo, sent by the Marquis Borea, together with a request that I would do him the favour to come and pay him a visit. Straitened for time as I was, I could not refuse an old schoolfellow—one, moreover, nearly connected with a much-valued cousin of mine; so I went first to the marquis. Besides the natural and sincere wish to shake hands with an old friend, I found that the marquis had a second object in view in inviting me to his palazzo, for palazzo it is. He was desirous of showing me a part of it, which he had at last been persuaded to think of letting. Only the year before he had declined to let it to a very distinguished English lady, the Lady Herbert. But since then the current had become too strong even for him to resist, and he now also put in his claim for my patronage. My former schoolfellow, to my sorrow, shared in the general infatuation as to my powers of attraction.

I went over the apartment in question, a description of which, if at all adequate to its merits, would take more space than I can dispose of. I will only say that it is a princely suite of rooms, and that everything about it, size, pictures, furniture, &c. has that impress of grandeur which is a distinctive trait of a real Italian palace. It has an interest of another kind; it was there that Napoleon I. and Pope Pius VII. each passed a night. You can see the bedchamber unaltered in any respect since those personages occupied it. Annexed to the apartment is an enormous terrace, which brings to mind the Hanging Garden of Babylon.

As I came out of the Borea Palace, I was met by a priest, who wished me to go and inspect Villa Gnecco, a country house not more than ten minutes' walk from the town; and I was apologizing for my inability to do so, when a gentleman accosted me, and said he hoped I would honour with my presence the Casino, or Reading-room; and following close on

the heels of this gentleman came another, with a third application on behalf of the School, or Liceo as they call it, of the town. I felt somewhat in the predicament of *Figaro* in the "Barbrière"—

"Figaro qua, Figaro là ;  
Uno alla volta, per carità."

In the impossibility of satisfying all demands, I determined in favour of knowledge; that is, I paid a flying visit to the Liceo. The establishment is airy, spacious, and clean, and I have it on good authority that it is well conducted. I can myself bear witness to the kindly manners of the principal, and of the professor of natural philosophy, who received us, as well as to the satisfactory appearance of the rooms appropriated to chemical and physical experiments. Indeed, we had nothing better at the University of Genoa in my time. Parents anxious that their youngsters should not lose their Latin, or forget their rules of three, or whatever they may have learnt as to electricity, may take the hint, and unite *utile dulci*.

On our way back towards the Victoria, my notice was called to a number of eligible houses both in the town and out, and more were mentioned to me, where lodgings could be had. So that persons inclined to prefer the quiet of a private lodging to the life more or less in common of an hotel, will have an *embarras du choix*.

The Hotel Victoria is a noble edifice indeed, one that would not disgrace a great metropolis. It is on a far larger scale than the Hotel d'Angleterre, a little further from the town, say five minutes more, and very comfortably and elegantly arranged in every respect. It possesses the advantage of a spacious garden on the side of the house facing the sea, from which the grounds are only separated by a belt of olive-trees. A more quiet, more sunny, or more lovely retreat one cannot imagine for persons in delicate health, who either cannot, or do not care to walk in streets or roads. To such I especially recommend the ground-floor, which opens into



the garden. It is delightful. Here also the landlord had a long and anxious face, and of course appealed to me for help—"Mi raccomando a Lei, Signor Dottore." I verily believe that he took me for Doctor Antonio. May Heaven help him and his hotel!

Our next visit was to have been for the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne; how or why it was that we postponed it till after we had been to the Hotel de Londres, I cannot say; this I know, that the inspection of the Hotel de Londres took up so much more time than we had anticipated, and, when at last we had done with it, it was so late, and we were so tired, that we had to give up seeing the Grande Bretagne ourselves. I can therefore only speak of it from report, and report, I am glad to say, speaks highly in its favour.

As we were walking past it on the Boulevard of the Palms, Doctor Panizzi pointed out to me, first, the spot where is to be erected a Protestant chapel—the Municipality have already granted a piece of land for that purpose—and, secondly, the sites of an intended new casino, or reading-room, and of a theatre. There is also a project for opening a new street parallel to Via Gioberti, leading from the boulevard to the sea, and for making a public walk along the edge of the beach—a modest imitation of the "Promenade des Anglais" at Nice—which is certainly one of the most remarkable among the beautiful things of Europe. But, to realize these plans, a little time and a good deal of money are requisite, and encouragement on the part of those for whose sakes Sanremo chiefly wishes to beautify itself.

To speak only of the present. There already exists at Sanremo a promising germ of an English colony. Last winter it could boast of no less than fifteen families from Great Britain, amounting to nearly one hundred individuals; and let us hope that this present winter will see its numbers doubled. The colony counts among its members an English clergyman—who, until there shall be a chapel, performs divine service in a room—and an English physician, that same

Dr. Whitley, who favoured me with his visit at Taggia. Visitors inclined to consult local doctors will find skill, experience, and every care and attention from Doctor Panizzi, of Sanremo, and Doctor Martini, of Taggia—the valued friend and family physician of the writer of these lines. Both are very cautious as to bleeding, and both understand English. I have already said that there is a reading-room or a casino; I must add that there is also a bookseller's shop; both of which might certainly be better provided, the one with newspapers, the other with books; but with them, as with everything else, the supply will increase with the demand. There must be a beginning, you know. There are numerous pleasant walks in the town itself, and in its environs—one especially, that to the Madonna della Costa, which I recommend to all lovers of fine views. They will realize from thence that fine word-picture of Coleridge:—

"... Stand on that sea-cliff's verge  
Where the pine just travail'd by the breeze  
above  
Makes one soft murmur with the distant  
surge,  
And shoot thy being through earth, sea, and  
air,  
Possessing all things with intensest love."

But we must not forget that we are bound for the Hotel de Londres. I visited it from top to bottom, and I cannot speak too highly of all its internal arrangements; they are neatness, comfort, and elegance combined. This Hotel is in a somewhat isolated position, to the west of Sanremo, though only ten minutes from it; but a bend of the road hides Sanremo from view. The prospect is very fine—the eye glides down a gentle verdant declivity till it rests upon the sea—the wide sea spreading to the horizon. To the right a promontory feathered with wood to its utmost edge shuts in a little bay, along whose base lie two dark rocks, against which breaks the silver spray of the waves. The spot would be melancholy, if anything in this bright, smiling atmosphere could look otherwise than cheerful.

The Hotel de Londres, I will venture to say, will be a favourite resort for persons of a romantic disposition, and especially for poets. It was my good fortune to meet there and be kindly greeted by one. I hope I commit no indiscretion in naming Mr. Sydney Dobell. Mr. Dobell had some years ago heard of me and my family from a common friend; and, my name coming to his ears as I was paraded through the Hotel, he sent me his card. He was doubly welcome, for his own sake and for that of the absent. We spoke, of course, of Sanremo, and I was very glad to hear him say that, much pleased as he had been with Spain, and the south of France, which he had lately visited, nowhere had he found so sheltered and charming a nook as Sanremo. He inquired affectionately about my mother and brother—both, alas! gone from me—and I was grateful to him for the evident shock of pain which my sad answer gave him. He was silent for a while, and, when he spoke again, it was to quote a passage from Fichte about sons who had made the name of their mothers venerated by every one—a sentiment which went straight to my heart. We parted with a warm shake of the hand, and a good-bye, which conveyed, I am sure, a blessing from both hearts.

The winter sun had set, and it was time to think of a speedy retreat home-

wards. So our two last visits had to be hurried through—the one to Doctor Panizzi's family, the other to the warm-hearted councilman, the friend of my uncle, the Canon, whom I had missed in the morning. After a cordial farewell, and manifold thanks to Doctor Panizzi for all he had done for us in his double capacity of host and guide, we entered our one-eyed calessino—true it is that the one lamp was big enough for two—and were off. Night by this time had quite closed in—the road was dark, and, owing to the collateral railway works, was here and there rough and rugged, which made prudent Bernardino drive cautiously. The lights of the pretty little town gleaming along the shore and up the hill were the last I saw of it. I waved my hand in token of farewell; then I sank into a vague reverie of its past, present, and future, out of which I was not roused till I arrived at home, and passed from outer darkness to the bright light of my fire and lamp.

And now, gentle reader, if this my chat has succeeded in transfusing into your mind any portion of the charm and poetry with which Sanremo has always been invested in mine, I shall rest satisfied that not in vain have I fulfilled my promise to my friends of Sanremo to bring them before the notice of my English friends.

## A SON OF THE SOIL.

### PART XVI.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

It was, as we have said, a lovely summer morning when Colin set out on his excursion, after the fatigues of the winter and spring. His first stage was naturally Ramore, where he arrived the same evening, having picked up Lauderdale at Glasgow on his way. A more beautiful evening had never shone over the Holy Loch; and, as the two friends

approached Ramore, all the western sky was flaming behind the dark hills, which stood up in austere shadow, shutting out from the loch and its immediate banks the later glories of the sunset. To leave the eastern shore, where the light still lingered, and steal up under the shadow into the soft beginning of the twilight, with Ramore, that "shines where it stands," looking out hospitably from the brae, was like leaving the world

of noise and commotion for the primitive life, with its silence and its thoughts ; and so, indeed, Colin felt it, though his world was but another country parish, primitive enough in its ways. But then it must not be forgotten that there is a difference between the kingdom of Fife, where wheat grows golden on the broad fields, and where the herrings come up to the shore to be salted and packed in barrels, and the sweet Loch half hidden among the hills, where the cornfields are scant and few, and where grouse and heather divide the country with the beasts and the pastures, and where, in short, Gaelic was spoken within the memory of man. Perhaps there was something of the vanity of youth in that look of observation and half amused, half curious criticism which the young man cast upon the peaceful manse, where the minister, who had red hair, had painfully begun his career when Colin himself was a boy. It was hard to believe that anything ever could happen in that calm house, thus reposing among its trees, with only a lawn between it and the church, and looking as peaceful and retired and silent as the church itself did. It is true Colin knew very well that things both bitter and joyful had happened there within his own recollection ; but that did not prevent the thought striking him, as he glided past in the little bustling steamer, which somehow, by the contrast, gave a more absolute stillness to the pretty rural landscape. Perhaps the minister was walking out at that moment, taking his peaceful stroll along the dewy road,—a man whose life was all fixed and settled long ago, to whom nothing could ever happen in his own person, and whose life consisted in a repetition over and over of the same things, the same thoughts, pretty nearly the same words. To be sure, he had a wife, and children, and domestic happiness ; but Colin, at his time of life, made but a secondary account of that. He looked at the manse accordingly with a smile as he passed on out of sight. The manse of Lafton was not nearly so lovely, but—it was different ; though perhaps he could not have told

how. And the same thought was in his mind as he went on past all the tranquil houses. How did they manage to keep existing, those people for whom life was over, who had ceased to look beyond the day, or to anticipate either good or evil ? To be sure this was very unreasonable musing ; for Colin was aware that things did happen now and then on the Holy Loch. Somebody died occasionally, when it was impossible to help it, and by turns somebody was born, and there even occurred, at rare intervals, a marriage, with its suggestion of life beginning ; but these domestic incidents were not what he was thinking of. Life seemed to be in its quiet evening over all that twilight coast ; and then it was the morning with Colin, and it did not seem possible for him to exist without the hopes, and motives, and excitements which made ceaseless movement and commotion in his soul. To be sure, he too was only a country minister, and was expected to live and die among "his people" as peaceably as his prototype was doing on the Holy Loch ; and this thought somehow it was that, falling into his mind like a humorous suggestion, made Colin smile ; for his ideas did not take that peaceful turn at this period of his existence. He was so full of what had to be done, even of what he himself had to do, that the silence seemed to recede before him, and to rustle and murmur round him as he carried into it his conscious and restless life. He had even such a wealth of existence to dispose of that it kept flowing on in two or three distinct channels, a thing which amused him when he thought of it. For underneath all this sense of contrast, and Lauderdale's talk, and his own watch for the Ramore boat, and his mother at the door, No. 1 of the *Tracts for the Times* was at the same time shaping itself in Colin's brain ; and there are moments when a man can stand apart from himself, and note what is going on in his own mind. He was talking to Lauderdale, and greeting the old friends who recognised him in the boat, and looking out for home, and

planning his tract, and making that contrast between the evening and the morning all at the same moment. And at the same time he had taken off the front of his mental habitation, and was looking at all those different processes going on in its different compartments with a curious sense of amusement. Such were the occupations of his mind as he went up to the Loch, to that spot where the Ramore boat lay waiting on the rippled surface. It was a different homecoming from any that he had ever made before. Formerly his prospects were vague, and it never was quite certain what he might make of himself. Now he had fulfilled all the ambitions of his family, as far as his position went. There was nothing more to hope for or to desire in that particular; and, naturally, Colin felt that his influence with his father and brothers at least would be enhanced by the realization of those hopes, which, up to this time, had always been mingled with a little uncertainty. He forgot all about that when he grasped the hands of Archie and of the farmer, and dashed up the brae to where the Mistress stood wistful at the door; but, notwithstanding, there was a difference, and it was one which was sufficiently apparent to all. As for his mother, she smoothed down the sleeve of his black coat with her kind hand, and examined with a tender smile the cut of the waistcoat which Colin had brought from Oxford—though, to tell the truth, he had still a stolen inclination for “mufti,” and wore his uniform only when a solemn occasion occurred like this, and on grand parade; but, for all her joy and satisfaction at sight of him, the Mistress still looked a little shattered and broken, and had never forgotten—though Colin had forgotten it long ago—the “objections” of the parish of Lafton, and all that her son had had “to come through,” as she said, “before he was placed.”

“I suppose a’s weel now?” Mrs. Campbell said. “No that I could have any doubts in my own mind, so far as you were concerned; but, the mair experience a person has, the less hope they

have in other folk—though that’s an awfu’ thing to say, and gangs against Scripture. Me that thought there was not a living man that could say a word of blame to my Colin! And to think of a’ the lees that were invented. His father there says it’s a necessary evil, and that we maun have popular rights; but for me I canna see the necessity. I’m no for doing evil that good may come,” said the Mistress; “its awfu’ papistry that—and to worry a poor calant to death, and drive a’ that belongs to him out o’ their wits—”

“He’s not dead yet,” said the farmer, “nor me out of my ordinary. I’ll not say it’s pleasant; but so long as they canna allege onything against a man’s morality I’m no so much heeding; and it’s a poor kind of thing to be put in by a patron that doesna care a pin, and gangs to another kirk.”

“I’m awfu’ shaken in my mind about that,” said the Mistress; “there’s the Free Kirk folk—though I’m no for making an example of them—fighting among themselves about their new minister, like thae puir senseless creatures in America. Thamas, at the Mill-head, is for the ane candidate, and his brother Dugald for the tither; and they’re like to tear each other’s een out when they meet. That’s ill enough, but Lafton’s waur. I’m no for setting up priests, nor making them a sacerdotal caste as some folk say; but will you tell me,” said Mrs. Campbell, indignantly, “that a wheen ignorant weavers and canailye like that can judge my Colin? ay, or even if it was thae Fife farmers driving in their gigs. I would like to ken what he studied for and took a’ thae honours, and gave baith time and siller, if he wasna to ken better than the like of them. I’m no pretending to meddle with politics that are out of my way—but I canna shut my een,” the Mistress said, emphatically. “The awfu’ business is that we’ve nae respect to speak of for onything but ourselves; we’re so awfu’ fond of our ain bit poor opinions, and the little we ken. If there was ony change in our parish—and the minister’s far from weel, by a’ I can hear

—and that man round the point at the English chapel wasna such an awfu' haveril—I would be tempted to flee away out of their fechts and their objections, and get a quiet Sabbath-day there."

"I'm no for buying peace so dear, for my part," said Lauderdale; "they're terrible haverils, most of the English ministers in our pairts, as the Mistress says. We're a'in a kind of dissenting way now-a-days, the mair's the pity. Whisht a moment, callant, and let a man speak.—I'm no saying anything against dissent; it's a wee hard in its ways, and it has an awfu' opinion of itsel', and there's nae beauty in it that it should be desired; but, when your mind's made up to have popular rights and your ain way in everything, I canna see anything else for it, for my part. It's pure democracy—that's what it is—and democracy means naething else, as far as I'm informed, but the reign of them that kens the least and skreighs the loudest. It's no a bonnie spectacle, but I'm no a man that demands beauty under a' conditions. Our friend the curate yonder," said Lauderdale, pointing his finger vaguely over his shoulder to indicate Wodensbourne, "was awfu' taken up about his auld arches and monuments—that's what you ca' the chancel, I suppose; but as for our young minister here, though he's just as caring about thae vanities, it's a' filled up with good deal boards and put behind his back like a hidie-hole. There's something awfu' instructive in that; for I wouldna say that the comparison was one way in the curate's favour," said the philosopher, with a gleam of suppressed pride and tenderness, "if you were to turn your een to the pulpit and take your choice of the men."

Mrs. Campbell lifted her eyes to her son's face and regarded him solemnly as Lauderdale spoke; but she could not escape the influence of the recollection that even Colin had been objected to. "Nae doubt the like of him in a kirk should make a difference," she said with candour, yet melancholy, "but I dinna see what's to be the end of it for my part—a change for good is aye awfu'

slow to work, and I'll no live to see the new days."

"You'll live to see all I am good for, mother," said Colin; "and it appears to me you are all a set of heretics and schismatics. Lauderdale is past talking to, but I expected something better of you."

"Weel, we'll a' see," said big Colin, who in his heart could not defend an order of ecclesiastical economy which permitted his son to be assaulted by the parish of Lafton, or any other parish, "if it's the will of God. We're none of us so awfu' auld; but the world's aye near its ending to a woman that sees her son slighted; there's nae penitence can make up for that—no that he's suffered much that I can see," the farmer said with a laugh. "That's enough of the Kirk for one night."

"Eh, Colin, dinna be so worldly," said his wife; "I think whiles it would be an awfu' blessing if the world was to end as some folk think; and a' thing cleared up, and them joined again that had been parted, and the bonnie earth safe through the fire—if it's to be by fire," she added with a questioning glance towards her son; "I canna think but it's ower good to be true. When I mind upon a' we've to go through in this life, and a' that is so hard to mend; eh, if He would but take it in His ain hand!" said the Mistress with tears in her eyes. No one was so hard-hearted as to preach to her at that moment, or to enlarge upon the fact that everything was in His hand, as indeed she knew as well as her companions; but it happens sometimes that the prayers and the wishes which are out of reason, are those that come warmest, and touch deepest, to the heart.

But, meanwhile, and attending the end of the world, Colin, when he was settled for the night in his old room, with its shelving roof, took out and elaborated his *Tract for the Times*. It was discontent as great as that of his mother's which breathed out of it; but then hers was the discontent of a life which had nothing new to do or to look for, and which had found out by experience how



little progress can be made in a lifetime, and how difficult it is to change evil into good. Colin's discontent, on the contrary, was that exhilarating sentiment which stimulates youth, and opens up an endless field of combat and conquest. At his end of the road it looked only natural that the obstacles should move of themselves out of the way, and that what was just and best should have the inevitable victory. When he had done, he thought with a tenderness which brought tears to his eyes, yet at the same moment a smile to his lips, of the woman's impatience that would hasten the wheels of fate, and call upon God to take matters, as she said, in His own hand. That did not, as yet, seem a step necessary to Colin. He thought there was still time to work by the natural means, and that things were not arrived at such a pass that it was needful to appeal to miracle. It could only be when human means had failed that such a resource could be necessary; and the human means had certainly not failed entirely so long as he stood there in the bloom of his young strength, with his weapons in his hand.

He preached in his native church on the following Sunday, as was to be expected; and from up the Loch and down the Loch all the world came to hear young Colin of Ramore. And Colin the farmer, the elder, sat glorious at the end of his pew, and in the pride of his heart listened, and noted, and made inexorable criticisms, and commented on his son's novel ideas with a severe irony which it was difficult to understand in its true sense. The Duke himself came to hear Colin's sermon, which was a wonderful honour for the young man, and all the parish criticised him with a zest which it was exhilarating to hear. "I mind when he couldna say his Questions," said Evan of Barnton; "I wouldna like to come under any engagement that he kens them noo. He was aye a callant awfu' fond of his ain opinion, and for my part I'm no for Presbyteries passing ower objections so easy. Either he's of Jowett's school or he's no; but I never saw that there was any right decision

come to. There were some awfu' suspicious expressions under his second head—if you could ca' yon a head," said the spiritual ruler, with natural contempt; for indeed Colin's divisions were not what they ought to have been, and he was perfectly open to criticism so far as that was concerned.

"A lot of that was out of Maurice," said another thoughtful spectator. "I'm aye doubtful of thae misty phrases. If it wasna for hurting a' their feelings, I would be awfu' tempted to say a word. He's no' that auld, and he might mend."

"He'll never mend," said Evan. "I'm no' one that ever approved of the upbringing of these laddies. They have ower much opinion of themselves. There's Archie, that thinks he knows the price of cattle better than a man of twice his age. She's an awfu' fanciful woman, that mother of theirs—and then they've a' been a wee spoiled with that business about the English callant; but I'll no say but what he has abilities," the critic added, with a national sense of clanship. The parish might not approve of the upbringing of the young Campbells, nor of their opinions, but still it had a national share in any reputation that the family or any of its members might attain.

Colin continued his course on the Monday with his friend. He had stayed but a few days at home, but it was enough, and all the party were sensible of the fact. Henceforward that home, precious as it was, could not count for much in his life. It was a hard thing to think of, but it was a necessity of nature. Archie and the younger sons greeted with enthusiasm the elder brother, who shared with them his better fortunes and higher place; but, when the greeting was given on both sides, there did not remain very much to say; for, to be sure, seen by Colin's side, the young Campbells, still *gauche*, and shamefaced, and with the pride of a Scotch peasant in arms, looked inferior to what they really were, and felt so—and the mother felt it for them, though Colin was her own immediate heir and the pride of her heart. She bade him

farewell with suppressed tears, and a sense of loss which was not to be suppressed. "He has his ain hame, and his ain place, and little need of us now, the Lord be praised," the Mistress said to herself as she watched him going down to the boat; "I think I would be real content if he had but a good wife." But still it was with a sigh that she went in again and closed the door upon the departing boat that carried her son back to the world.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

As for Colin and his friend, they went upon their way steadily, with that rare sympathy in difference which is the closest bond of friendship. Lauderdale by this time had lost all the lingerings of youth which had hung long about him, perhaps by right of his union with the fresh and exuberant youth of his brother-in-arms. His gaunt person was gaunter than ever, though, by an impulse of the tenderest pride—not for himself but for his companion—his dress fitted him better, and was more carefully put on than it had ever been during all his life; but his long hair, once so black and wild, was now grey, and hung in thin locks, and his beard, that relic of Italy, which Lauderdale preserved religiously, and had ceased to be ashamed of, was grey also, and added to the somewhat solemn aspect of his long thoughtful face. He was still an inch or two taller than Colin, whose great waves of brown hair, tossed up like clouds upon his forehead, and shining brown eyes, which even now had not quite lost the soft shade of surprise and admiration which had given them such a charm in their earlier years, contrasted strangely with the worn looks of his friend. They were not like father and son, for Lauderdale preserved in his appearance an indefinable air of solitude and of a life apart, which made it impossible to think of him in any such relationship; but perhaps their union was more close and real than even that tie could have made it, since the un-

wedded childless man was at once young and old, and had kept in his heart a virgin freshness more visionary, and perhaps even more spotless, than that of Colin's untarnished youth—for, to be sure, the young man not only was conscious of that visionary woman in the clouds, but had already solaced himself with more than one love, and still meant to marry a wife like other men, though that was not at present the foremost idea in his mind; whereas, whatever love Lauderdale might have had in that past from which he never drew the veil, it had never been replaced by another, nor involved any earthly hope. This made him naturally more sympathetic than a man who had gone through all the ordinary experiences of life could have been; and at the same time it made him more intolerant of what he supposed to be Colin's inconstancy. As they crossed the borders, and found themselves among the Cumberland hills, Lauderdale approached nearer and nearer to that subject which had been for so long a time left in silence between them. Perhaps it required that refinement of ear natural to a born citizen of Glasgow to recognise that it was "English" which was being spoken round them as they advanced—but the philosopher supposed himself to have made that discovery. He recurred to it with a certain pathetic meaning as they went upon their way. They had set out on foot from Carlisle, each with his knapsack, to make their leisurely way to the Lakes; and, when they rested and dined in the humble roadside inn which served for their first resting-place, the plaintive cadence of his friend's voice struck Colin with a certain amusement. "They're a' English here," Lauderdale said, with a tone of sad recollection, as a man might have said in Norway or Russia, hearing for the first time the foreign tongue, and bethinking himself of all the dreary seas and long tracts of country that lay between him and home. It might have been pathetic under such circumstances, though the chances are that even then Colin, graceless and fearless, would have laughed;

but at present, when the absence was only half a day's march, and the difference of tongue, as we have said, only to be distinguished by an ear fine and native, the sigh was too absurd to be passed over lightly. "I never knew you have the *mal du pays* before," Colin said with a burst of laughter:—and the patriot himself did not refuse to smile.

"Speak English," he said, with a quaint self-contradiction, "though I should say speak Scotch if I was consistent;—you needna make your jokes at me. Oh ay, it's awfu' easy laughing. It's no *that* I'm thinking of; there's nothing out of the way in the association of ideas this time, though they play bonnie pranks whiles. I'm thinking of the first time I was in England, and how awfu' queer it sounded to hear the bits of callants on the road, and the poor bodies at the cottage doors."

"The first time you were in England—that was when you came to nurse me like a good fellow as you are," said Colin; "I should have died that time but for my mother and you."

"I'm not saying that," said Lauderdale; "you're one of the kind that's awfu' hard to kill—a dour callant like you would have come through a' the same; but it's no that I'm thinking of. There are other things that come to my mind with the sound of the English tongue. Hold your peace, callant, and listen; is there nothing comes back to you, will you tell me, when you hear the like of *that*?"

"I hear a woman talking in very broad Cumberland," said Colin, who notwithstanding began to feel an uncomfortable heat mounting upwards in his face; "you may call it English, if you have a mind. There is some imperceptible difference between that and the Dumfriesshire, I suppose; but I should not like to have to discriminate where the difference lies."

As for Lauderdale, he sighed; but without intending it, as it appeared, for he made a great effort to cover his sigh by a yawn, for which latter indulgence he had evidently no occasion, and then he tried a faint little unnecessary laugh,

which sat still more strangely on him. "I'm an awfu' man for associations," he said; "I'm no to be held to ony account for the things that come into my head. You may say it's Cumberland, and I'm no disputing; but for a' that there's something in the sound of the voice——"

"Look here," said Colin impatiently; "listen to my tract. I want you to give me your opinion now it is finished; turn this way, with your face to the hills, and never mind the voice."

"Oh ay," said Lauderdale, with another sigh; "there's nae voice like his ain voice to this callant's ear; it's an awfu' thing to be an author, and above a' a reformer; for you may be sure it's for the sake of the cause, and no because he's written a' that himself. Let's hear this grand tract of yours; no that I've any particular faith in that way of working," the philosopher added slowly, settling into his usual mode of talk, without consideration of his companion's impatience; "a book, or a poem, or a tract, or whatever it may be, is no good in this world without an audience. Any man can write a book; that's to say, most men could if they would but take the trouble to try; but, as for the audience, that's different. If it doesna come by nature, I see nae way of manufacturing that; but I'm no objecting to hear what you have got to say," Lauderdale added impartially. It was not encouraging perhaps to the young author; but Colin was sufficiently used by this time to his friend's prelections, and for his own part was very well pleased to escape from memories more perplexing and difficult to manage. It was with this intention that he had taken out No. I. of the *Tracts for the Times*. If any of the writers of the original series of these renowned compositions could but have looked over the shoulder of the young Scotch minister, and beheld the different fashion of thoughts, the curious fundamental difference which lay underneath, and yet the apparent similarity of intention on the face of it! Rome and the Pope were about as far off as Mecca and the prophet from

Colin's ideas. He was not in the least urgent for any infallible standard, nor at all concerned to trace a direct line of descent for himself or his Church; and yet withal his notions were as high and absolute and arbitrary on some points as if he had been a member of the most potent of hierarchies—though this might perhaps be set down to the score of his youth. It would, however, be doing Colin injustice to reproduce here this revolutionary document: to tell the truth, circumstances occurred very soon after to retard the continuation of the series, and, so far as his historian is aware, the publication of this preliminary address was only partial. For, to be sure, the young man had still abundance of time before him, and the first and most important thing, as Lauderdale had suggested, was the preparation of the audience—an object which was on the whole better carried out by partial and private circulation than by coming prematurely before the public, and giving the adversary occasion to blaspheme, and perhaps frightening the Kirk herself out of her wits. Having said so much, we may return to the more private and individual aspect of affairs. The two friends were seated, while all this was going on, out of doors, on a stone bench by the grey wall of the cottage inn, in which they had just refreshed themselves with a nondescript meal. The Cumberland hills—at that moment bleaching under the sunshine, showing all their scars and stains in the fulness of the light—stretched far away into the distance, hiding religiously in their depths the sacred woods and waters that were the end of the pilgrimage on which the two friends were bound. Lauderdale sat at leisure and listened, shading the sunshine from his face, and watching the shadows play on the woods and hills; and the same force of imagination which persuaded the unaccustomed traveller that he could detect a difference

of tone in the rude talk he heard in the distance, and that that which was only Cumberland was *English*, persuaded him also that the sunshine in which he was sitting was warmer than the sunshine at home, and that he was really, as he himself would have described it, "going south." He was vaguely following out these ideas, notwithstanding that he also listened to Colin, and gave him the fullest attention. Lauderdale had not travelled much in his life, nor enjoyed many holidays; and, consequently, the very sense of leisure and novelty recalled to him the one great recreation of his life—the spring he had spent in Italy, with all its vicissitudes, prefaced by the mournful days at Wodensbourne. All this came before Lauderdale's mind more strongly a great deal than it did before that of Colin, because it was to the elder man the one sole and clearly marked escape out of the monotony of a long life—a thing that had occurred but once, and never could occur again. How the Cumberland hills, and the peasant voices in their rude dialect, and the rough stone bench outside the door of a grey limestone cottage, could recall to Lauderdale the olive slopes of Frascati, the tall houses shut up and guarded against the sunshine, and the far-off solemn waste of the Campagna, would have been something unintelligible to Colin. But in the meantime these recollections were coming to a climax in his companion's mind. He gave a great start in the midst of Colin's most eloquent paragraph, and jumped to his feet, crying, "Do you hear that?" with a thrill of excitement utterly inexplicable to the astonished young man: and then Lauderdale grew suddenly ashamed of himself, and took his seat again, abashed, and felt that it was needful to explain.

"Do I hear what?" said Colin; and, as this interruption occurred just at the moment when he supposed he had roused his hearer to a certain pitch of excitement and anxiety, by his account of the religious deficiencies of Scotland, which he was on the point of relieving by an able exposition of the possibilities of reform, it may be forgiven to him if

<sup>2</sup> Numbers I. and II. of the *Scotch Tracts for the Times*, together with fragments of subsequent numbers uncompleted, will be given, if desired by Colin's friends, in the appendix to the second edition of this biography.

he spoke with a little asperity. Such a disappointment is a trying experience for the best of men. "What is it, for Heaven's sake?" said the young man, forgetting he was a minister; and, to tell the truth, Lauderdale was so much ashamed of himself that he felt almost unable to explain.

"She's singing something, that's a'," said the confused philosopher. "I'm an awfu' haveril, Colin. There's some things I canna get out of my head. Never you mind; a' that's admirable," said the culprit, with a certain deprecatory eagerness. "I'm awfu' anxious to see how you get us out of the scrape. Go on."

Colin was angry, but he was human, and he could not but laugh at the discomfiture and conciliatory devices of his disarmed critic. "I am not going to throw away my pearls," he said; "since your mind is in such a deplorable state you shall hear no more to-day. Oh, no. I understand the extent of your anxiety. And so here's Lauderdale going the way of all flesh. Who is *she*? and what is she singing? The best policy is to make a clean breast of it," said the young man, laughing; "and then, perhaps, I may look over the insult you have been guilty of to myself."

But Lauderdale was in no mood for laughing. "I'm not sure that it wouldna be the best plan to go on," he said; "for notwithstanding, I've been giving my best attention; and maybe if I was to speak out what was in my heart——"

"Speak it out," said Colin. He was a little affronted, but he kept his composure. As he folded up his papers and put them away in his pocket-book, he too heard the song which Lauderdale had been listening to. It was only a country-woman singing as she went about her work, and there was no marked resemblance in either the voice or the song to anything he had heard before. All that could be said was that the voice was young and fresh, and that the melody was sad, and had the quality of suggestiveness, which is often wanting to more elaborate music. He knew what was coming when he put

up his papers in his pocket-book, and it occurred to him that perhaps it would be well to have the explanation over and be done with it, for he knew how persistent his companion was.

"It's no that there's much to say," said Lauderdale, changing his tone; "a man like me, that's little used to change, gets awfu' like a fool in his associations. There's naething that only reasonable creature could see in thae hills, and a' the sheep on them, that should bring *that* to my mind; and, as you say, callant, it's Cumberland they're a' speaking, and no English. It's just a kind of folly that men are subject to that live their lane. I canna but go a' through again, from the beginning to—— Well, I suppose," said Lauderdale with a sigh, "what you and me would call the end."

"What any man in his senses would call the end," said Colin, beginning to cut his pencil with some ferocity, which was the only occupation that occurred to him for the moment; "I don't suppose there can be any question as to what you mean. Was it to be expected that I would court rejection over again for the mere pleasure of being rejected?—as you know I have been, both by letter and in person; and then, as if even that was not enough, accused of fortune-hunting; when Heaven knows——" Here Colin stopped short, and cut his pencil so violently that he cut his finger, which was an act which convicted him of using unnecessary force, and of which, accordingly, he was ashamed.

"It is no *that* I was thinking of," said Lauderdale, "I was minding of the time when we a' met, and the bit soft English voice. It's no that I'm fond of the English, or their ways," continued the philosopher. "We're maybe no so well in our ain country, and maybe we're better; I'll no say. It's a question awfu' hard to settle. But, if ever we a' foregather again, I cannot think there will be that difference. It wasna to say musical that I ken of, but it was aye soft and pleasant—maybe ower soft, Colin, for the like of you—and



with a bit yielding tone in it, as if the heart would break sooner than make a stand for its own way. I mind it real weel," said Lauderdale, with a sigh. "As for the father, no doubt there was little to be said in his favour. But, after a', it wasna him that you had any intention to marry. And yon Sabbath-day after he was gone, poor man!—when you and me didna ken what to do with ourselves till the soft thing came out of her painted cha'amer, and took the guiding of us into her hands. It's *that* I was thinking of," said Lauderdale, fixing his eyes on a far off point upon the hills, and ending his musing with a sigh.

Colin sighed, too, for sympathy—he could not help it. The scene came before him as his friend spoke. He thought he could see Alice, in her pallor and exhaustion, worn to a soft shadow, in her black dress, coming into the bare Italian room in the glorious summer day, which all the precautions possible could not shut out from the house of mourning—with her prayer-book in her hand; and then he remembered how she had chidden him for reading another lesson than that appointed for the day. It was in the height of his own revolutionary impulses that this thought struck him; and he smiled to himself in the midst of his sigh, with a tender thought for Alice, and a passing wonder for himself, what change might have been wrought upon him if that dutiful little soul had actually become the companion of his life. Colin was not the kind of man who can propose to himself to form his wife's mind, and rule her thoughts, and influence her without being sensible of her influence in return. That was not the order of domestic affairs in Ramore; and naturally he judged the life that might have been, and even yet might be, by that standard. The Mistress's son did not understand having a nullity, or a shadow of himself, for a wife; and insensibly he made his way back from the *attendrissement* into which Lauderdale's musings had led him, into half-amused speculation as to the effect Alice and her influence might have had upon him by this time. "If

*that* had happened," he said with a smile, bursting out, as was usual to him when Lauderdale was his companion, at that particular point of his thoughts which required expression, without troubling himself to explain how he came there—"if *that* had happened," said Colin, with the conscious smile of old, "I wonder what sort of fellow I should have been by this time? I doubt if I should have had any idea of disturbing the constituted order of affairs. Things are always for the best, you perceive, as everybody says. A man who has any revolutionary work to do must be free and alone. But don't let us talk any more of that—I don't like turning back upon the road. But for that feeling I should have settled the business before now about poor Arthur's 'Voice from the Grave.'"

"I was aye against that title," said Lauderdale, "if he would have paid any attention; but you're a' the same, you young callants; it's nae more a voice from the grave than mine is. It's a voice from an awfu' real life, that had nae intention to lose a minute that was permitted. It would be something, to be sure that he was kept informed, and had a pleasure in his book; but then, so far as I can judge, he maun ken an awfu' deal better by this time—and maybe up there they're no heeding about a third edition. It's hard to say; he was so terrible like himself up to the last moment; I canna imagine, in my own mind, that he's no like himself still. There should be a heap of siller," said Lauderdale, "by this time; and sooner or later you'll have to open communication, and let them ken."

"Yes," said Colin, with a momentary look of sullenness and repugnance; and then he added, in a lighter tone, "heaps of money never came out of a religious publisher's hands. A third edition does not mean the same thing with them as with other people. Of course, it must be set right some time or other. We had better set off, I can tell you, and not talk idle talk like this, if we mean to get to our journey's end to-night."

"Oh, ay," said Lauderdale, "you're aye in a hurry, you young callants. As

for me, I've aye found time to finish what I was about. Is it the father that makes you so unwilling for any correspondence?—but it's awfu' easy to settle a thing like that."

"I think you want to try how far my patience can go," said Colin, who had grown crimson up to the hair. "Do you think a man has no feeling, Lauderdale? Do you think it is possible to be treated as I have been, and yet go back again with humility, hat in hand? I don't feel myself capable of that."

"If you're asking me my opinion," said Lauderdale, calmly, "I've nae objection to tell you what I think. You're no vindictive, and you've nae pride to speak of—I'm meaning pride of *that* kind. It's no in you to bear a grudge at onybody beyond, maybe, the hour or the day. So I'm no heeding much about that question, for my part. If you had an awfu' regard for the man, he might affront you; but no being indifferent. I'm telling you just my opinion, with my partial knowledge of the premises—but for *her*, I cannot but say what is in my ain mind. I've a kind of longing to see her again; we used to be awfu' good friends, her and me. I had you to take care of, callant, and she had *him*; and whiles she had a moment of envy, and grudged terrible in her heart to see the air and the sun, that are for baith the good and the evil, so hard upon him, and so sweet to you; there was little in her mind to hide, and her and me were good friends. I'll never forget our counts and our reckonings. It's awfu' hard for the like o' me to divine wherefore it is that a' that has come to an end, and her and you dropped out of one another's life."

"Lauderdale," said Colin, with a little choking in his voice, "I will tell you what I never told you before——" and then the young man stopped short, as if he had received a blow. What was it that came over him like an imperious sudden prohibition, stopping the words upon his lips the first time he had ever dreamt of uttering them to mortal ear? He had a feeling somehow as if one of those flying shadows that

kept coming and going over the mountains had taken another shape and come before him, and put a cold hand on his lips. He was about to have confessed that his love had been no more than tender compassion and kindness; he was about to have said what Lauderdale perhaps might have guessed before, what Colin had kept secret and hidden in his breast—that Alice never was nor could be the ideal woman of his thoughts, the true love who waited for him somewhere in the future. But perhaps, after all, it was no shadow nor unseen influence, but only the young man's magnanimous heart that spared that humiliation to the name of Alice—solely to her name; for, now that all was over between them, it was only that abstract representation of her that was concerned.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, after a moment, "you were going to tell me——" and then he rose as Colin had done, and threw his knapsack on his shoulder, and prepared to resume his march.

"We shall have an hour's walking in the dark, if we don't make all the better progress," said Colin; "which is uncomfortable when one does not know the way. And now to return to No. I," he said with a laugh, as they went on along the dusty road. There was not another word said between them of the confession thus abruptly stopped. Perhaps Lauderdale in his heart had a perception of what it meant; but, however that might be, both fell at once with eagerness, as if they had never digressed for a moment, upon the first number of Colin's *Tracts for the Times*.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

THIS conversation, however, as was natural, had a certain effect upon both the friends. It threw Colin, who, to be sure, was chiefly concerned, into a world of confused imaginations, which influenced even his dreams, and through his dreams reacted upon himself. When he was alone at night, instead of going to sleep at once, as would have been natural after his day's journey, he kept

falling into absurd little dozes, and waking up suddenly with the idea that Alice was standing by him, that she was calling him, that it was the marriage-day, and that somebody had found him out, and was about to tell his bride that he did not love her; and at last, when he went to sleep in good earnest, the fantastic *mélange* of recollection and imagination carried him back to Frascati, where he found Arthur and Alice, as of old, in the great *salone*, with its frescoed walls, and talked to them as in the former days. He thought Meredith told him of an important journey upon which he was setting out, and made arrangements in the meantime for his sister with an anxiety which the real Arthur had never dreamt of exhibiting. "She will be safe with you at present," the visionary Arthur seemed to say, "and by-and-by you will send her to me—" And when Colin woke it was hard for him to convince himself at first that he had not been in actual communication with his friend. He accounted for it, of course, as it is very easy to account for dreams, and convinced himself, and yet left behind in some crevice of his heart a dumb consciousness, which hid itself out of sight that it might not be argued with, that after all Arthur and he in the dark had passed by each other, and exchanged a word or thought in passing. Colin took care not to betray even to himself the existence of this conviction; but deep down in the silence it influenced him unawares. As for Lauderdale, his thoughts, as might have been expected, had taken another direction. Perhaps he was past the age of dreaming. Colin's revelation which he did not make had possibly told his friend more than if it had been said out in words; and all the thoughts of the elder man had fixed upon the strange problem which has been discussed so often with so little result—how there are some people who can have love for the asking, and reject it, and how there are some who would die for that dear consolation, to whom it does not come. To be sure, he was not philosophical on this subject, and the chances are that he attributed to Alice feelings much deeper

and more serious than any that had actually moved her. The chances were, indeed, for all that Lauderdale knew, that she had accepted her position, as Colin thought, dutifully, and obeyed her father, and ceased to think anything about the romantic projects and strange companionship of their Italian life. But the friend was more faithful than the lover, and had a more elevated idea of Alice and her capabilities; and he took to talking in his vague way, hovering round the subject in wide circles, now and then swooping down for a moment on some point that approached, as closely as he thought it right to approach, to the real centre of his thoughts.

"Thae great hills are awfu' in the way," said Lauderdale. "I'm no saying but they're an ornament to a country, and grand things for you, and the like of you, that make verses; but I canna see any reason why they should come between me and the sun. I'm no so high, but I'm maybe mair important in the economy of creation. Yet, for a' that, there's yon bald fellow yonder, with a' those patches on his crown, puts himself right between us and the light without even asking pardon. It's no respectful to you in your position, Colin. They're awfu' like men. I've seen a man standing like that across another man's life—or whiles another woman's," said the philosopher. "It's not an encouraging spectacle. I'm no heeding about Nature, that kens no better; but for a man—"

"Perhaps the man, too, might know no better," said Colin, laughing; but his laugh was slightly uneasy, for he, too, had been thinking, and it seemed to him that the subject was an unfortunate one to start with. "I don't see that he is much more responsible than the mountain. It may be in pursuing his own path, simply enough, that he shadows another man's for the moment—or another woman's, as you say, Lauderdale," he said, breaking off and laughing again. Somehow a little absurd colour had come to his face, he could not tell why.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, "and you're thinking that above a', that's real danger-

ous for a minister. When he's popular like you he has so many paths to cross—and young—and a kind of genius in his way—and no to call bad-looking neither," said the critic, turning upon Colin a somewhat savage look; "and then the women part of them, they're often awfu' haverils, and a young minister canna be uncivil. It's nae fault of the hill, but it's awfu' silly of me to let myself be kept in the shade."

"Hit fair," said Colin, laughing; "none of your blows in the dark. I am an innocent man; besides, there are no interesting pathways in my way to cross," the young man added, with natural pathos; for, indeed, since the days of Matty Frankland and Alice, his opportunities on the whole in that particular had been small.

"It's grand when he does not lose his road himself," said Lauderdale. "That's an awfu' advantage on the part of the hills. They've nae responsibility, no being voluntary agents; but I've seen a man lose his ain way that had been a shadow on another man's road—or woman's, as you were saying. We're done with that now," said the philosopher; "the shadows are no so lingering in the morning—but I am real glad to be clear of it myself. You see, after a', we're no in Italy, though we're coming south. I dinna understand a country that makes you hide in the midday, and lose your time in a' the corners. Here a man can walk in the sun."

"Even in another man's sun," said Colin, "or woman's, according to what you have just been saying. But we will have enough of it to-day, before we get to our journey's end."

"Ay," said Lauderdale; "there's something awfu' unreasonable in this life, take it at the best. As for logic, I never was great on that point. The grand thing of a man is, that you never can tell what he'll do the next moment. I'm no denying the force of character. It's the only thing in this world that gives a kind of direction; but I wouldna even put my trust in character. I ken you very well, for example," he continued; "wonderful well, considering you're a human creature like myself. I

have a kind of idea what you would be likely to think on most subjects, and could very near run the risk of prophesying what you would say; but, when you turn that corner out of my sight, I ken no more what may be the next thing you'll do than if I had never heard your name. No, I'm no tired at this hour of the morning—but I've an awfu' objection to dust, and the road is as powdery as a mill. My intention is to take a seat on this brae and let that carriage pass."

"Wait a little, then; it comes on very slowly; there must be some invalid in it, for the horses look good enough," said Colin, and he turned his back to the carriage which was approaching, in order to survey the green slope, covered with trees and brushwood, upon which Lauderdale meant to rest. They were separated a little when the carriage came up, and neither of them paid much attention to it. Lauderdale was already half way up the slope, and Colin was standing by the side of the road, looking after him. The horses had quickened their pace at the last moment, and had passed before Colin could turn round to see who the travellers were; but at that moment, as the carriage rolled along behind him, he gave a start so violent that the stones under his feet seemed suddenly to get in his way and trip him up, and Lauderdale for his part came down from the brae with a long leap and strange exclamation. "What was that?" they said to each other, in the same breath, and paused for a moment, and looked into each other's faces, and listened. The carriage went on faster, raising a cloud of dust, and nothing was to be heard except the sound of the horses' hoofs and the wheels. It was Colin that was the first to break the silence. He detached himself from among the stones and bushes, where he had got entangled in that moment of agitation, and sprang back again to the high road which lay before him, veiled in a cloud of dust. "It is simply absurd," said Colin. "Lauderdale, I cannot imagine what you mean; you are enough to drive a man mad. Some one gives a chance outcry in passing, and you make up your mind that it is— Good heavens! I never

knew such folly!" cried the young man. He took off his hat without knowing it, and thrust his hair up over his forehead, and made an effort to take courage and regain his composure as he took breath. But it was very clear that Lauderdale had nothing to do with Colin's excitement. He had himself heard the cry, and felt in his heart that it was no imagination. As he stood there in his pretended indignation the impulse of flight came upon him—a certain terror, which he could not explain nor comprehend, came over him. There was not a man in existence before whom he would have flown; but that little cry of recognition took away all his courage. He did not feel in himself the strength to go forward, to venture upon a possible meeting. The blood which had rushed to his face for the first moment seemed to go back upon his heart and stifle it. He had made a step or two forward without thinking; but then he arrested himself, and wavered, and looked upon the road which lay quite tranquil behind him in the shadow of the hills. It seemed to him for the moment as if his only safety was in flight.

As for Lauderdale, it took him all the time which Colin had occupied in these thoughts to get down from his elevation and return to his friend's side. He for his part was animated and eager. "This is no *her* country," said Lauderdale; "she's a traveller, as we are. The carriage will stop at our next stage, but there's no time to be lost;" and as he said these words he resumed his march with his long steady step without remarking the hesitation of Colin or what he had said. The young man himself felt that saving impulse fail him after the first minute. Afterwards, all the secondary motives came into his mind, and urged him to go on. Had he allowed that he was afraid to meet or to renew his relationships with Alice Meredith, supposing that by any extraordinary chance this should be she, it would be to betray the secret which he had guarded so long, and to betray himself; and he knew no reason that he could give for such a cowardly retreat. He could not say, "If I see her again, and find that she has been

thinking of me, I shall be compelled to carry out my original mistake, and give up my brighter hopes,"—for no one knew that he had made any mistake, or that she was not to his eyes the type of all that was dearest in woman. "The chances are that it is all a piece of folly—a deception of the senses," he said to himself instead—"something like what people have when they think they see ghosts. We have talked of her, and I have dreamed of her, and now, to be sure, necessity requires that I should hear her. It should have been seeing, to make all perfect;" and, after that little piece of self-contempt, he went on again with Lauderdale without making any objection. The dust which had been raised by the carriage came towards them like a moving pillar; but the carriage itself went rapidly on and turned the corner and went out of sight. And then Colin did his best to comfort and strengthen himself by other means.

"Don't put yourself out of breath," he said to Lauderdale; "the whole thing is quite explainable. That absurd imagination of yours yesterday has got into both our heads. I don't mind saying I dreamt of it all last night. Anything so wild was never put into a novel. It's an optical illusion, or, rather I should say, it's an ocular illusion, Things don't happen in real life in this kind of promiscuous way. Don't walk so quick and put yourself out of breath."

"Did you no hear?" said Lauderdale. "If you hadna heard I could understand. As for me, I canna say but what I saw as well. I'm no minding at this moment about my breath."

"What did you see?" cried Colin, with a sudden thrill at his heart.

"I'll no say it was *her*," said Lauderdale; "no but what I am as sure as I am of life that she was there. I saw something white laid back in the carriage, somebody that was ill; it might be her or it might be another. I've an awfu' strong opinion that it was her. It's been borne in on my mind that she was ill and wearying. We mightna ken *her*, but she kent you and me."

"What you say makes it more and more unlikely," said Colin. "I confess



that I was a little excited myself by those dreams and stuff; but nothing could be more improbable than that she should recognise you and me. Bah! it is absurd to be talking of *her* in this ridiculous way, as if we had the slightest reason to suppose it was *her*. Any little movement might make a sick lady cry out; and, as for recognising a voice at such a distance of time!—All this makes me feel like a fool," said Colin. "I am more disposed to go back than to go on. I wish you would dismiss that nonsense from your thoughts."

"If I was to do that same, do you think you could join me?" said Lauderdale. "There's voices I would ken after thirty years instead of after three; and I'm no likely to forget the bit English tone of it. I'm a wee slow about some things, and I'll no pretend to fathom your meaning; but, whether its daft-like or no, this I'm sure of, that if you make up to that carriage that's away out of our sight at this moment, you'll find Alice Meredith there."

"I don't believe anything of the kind. Your imagination has deceived you," said Colin, and they went on for a long time in silence; but at the bottom of his heart Colin felt that his own imagination had not deceived him. The only thing that had deceived him was that foolish feeling of liberty, that sense that he had escaped fate, and that the rash engagements of his youth were to have no consequences, into which he had deluded himself for some time past. Even while he professed his utter disbelief in this encounter, he was asking himself how in his changed circumstances he could bear the old bridle, the rein upon his proud neck? If it had been a curb upon his freedom, even at the moment when he had formed it—if it had become a painful bondage afterwards while still the impression of Alice's gentle tenderness had not quite worn off his mind—what would it be now when he had emancipated himself from those soft prejudices of recollection, and when he had acknowledged so fully to himself that his heart never had been really touched? He marched on by Lauderdale's

side, and paid no attention to what his friend said to him; and nothing could be more difficult to describe than the state of Colin's mind during this walk. Perhaps the only right thing, the only sensible thing, he could have done in the circumstances would have been to turn back and decline altogether this re-awakening of the past. But then at six-and-twenty the mind is still so adverse to turning back, and has so much confidence in its own power of surmounting difficulty, and in its good star, and in the favour and assistance of all powers and influences in heaven and earth; and then his pride was up in arms against such a mode of extricating himself from the apparent difficulty, and all the delicacy of his nature revolted from the idea of thus throwing the wrong and humiliation upon the woman, upon Alice, a creature who had loved him and trusted him, and whom he had never owned he did not love. Underneath all these complications there was, to be sure, a faint, sustaining hope that an encounter of this kind was incredible, and that it might turn out not to be Alice at all, and that all these fears and embarrassments might come to nothing. With all this in his mind he marched on, feeling the sweet air and fresh winds and sunshine to be all so many spectators accompanying him perhaps to the turning-point of his life, where, for all he knew, things might go against him, and his wings be clipped and his future limited for ever and ever. Perhaps some of Colin's friends may think that he exhibited great weakness of mind on this occasion, as, indeed, it is certain that there are many people who believe with some reason that it is next thing to a sin to put honour in the place of love, or to give to constancy the rights of passion. But then, whatever a man's principles may be, it is his character in most cases that carries the day. Every man must act according to his own nature, as says the Arabian sage. Sir Bayard, even, thinking it all over, might not approve of himself, and might see a great deal of folly in what he was doing; but, as for a man's

opinion of himself, that counts for very little; and he could only go on and follow out his career in his own way.

Lauderdale, on his side, had less comprehension of his friend at this point of his character than at any other. He had discouraged as far as he was able the earlier steps of the engagement between Colin and Alice; but when things "had gone so far" the philosopher understood no compromise. He hastened on through the dust, for his part, with a tender anxiety in his heart, concerned for the girl who had approached him more nearly than any woman had done since the days of his youth; who had been to him that mingled type of sister, daughter, dependant, and ruler, which a very young, very innocent, woman sometimes is to a man too old to fall in love with her, or even to think of such a weakness. Such love as had been possible to Lauderdale had been given early in his life—given once and done with; and Colin had filled up all the place in his heart which might have been left vacant as a prey to vagrant affections. At present he was occupied with the thought that Alice was ill, and that the little cry she had uttered had a tone of appeal in it, and was in reality a cry for help to those who had succoured her in her loneliness, and been more to her for one little period of her life than father or family. And Colin's friend and guardian pursued his way with great strides, going to the rescue of the tender little suffering creature, the mournful, yet dutiful, little woman who had borne her grief so courageously at Frascati, where they two were all the protectors, all the comforters she had. Thus the friends went on with their different sentiments, saying little to each other, and not a word upon this particular subject. They had meant to pause at a village which was on their way to Windermere to rest during the heat of the day and refresh themselves; and it was here, according to all likelihood, that the carriage which had passed with the invalid would also stop, to repose the sick lady if she was a stranger—to await the approach of the

two pedestrians if it was Alice, and if she was free to take such a step. Lauderdale had no doubt either of the one or the other of these facts; and, to tell the truth, Colin, regarding the matter under an altogether different aspect, had little doubt on his part that the moment of fate had arrived.

Nevertheless, when he saw the first straggling houses of the hamlet—rude little Westmoreland houses, grey and simple with a moorland air, and no *grand Seigneur* near at hand to trim them into model cottages—It is so hard to believe what goes against one's wishes. After all, perhaps, the end would be a laugh, an exclamation of surprise, a blessed sense of relief; and no dreadful apparition of old ties and old vows to bind the freed-man over again in cold blood and without any illusion. Such feverish hopes came into Colin's mind against his will, as they drew nearer. The road was as dusty as ever, but he did not see the broad mark of the carriage wheels; and with a great throb of relief found when they came in sight of the little inn that there was no carriage, nothing but a farmer's gig before the door. He began to breathe again, throwing off his burden. "It might be one of my farmers for anything one could tell to the contrary," said Colin, with a short laugh and a sense of relief past describing. "You see now what fools we were to suppose—"

At that moment, however, the young man stopped short in the midst of his sentence. A man was coming to meet them who might have been, for anything, as Colin said, that one could say to the contrary, the farmer to whom the gig belonged. He was at present but a black figure against the sunshine, with his face shaded by his hat; but notwithstanding Colin stopped short when he came in sight of him, and his heart stopped beating,—or at least he thought so. He had seen this man once in his life before,—but once, and no more. But there are some circumstances which sharpen and intensify the senses. Colin recognised him the moment his eyes rested on him. He stopped short,

because what he was saying was proved to be folly, and worse than folly. It was a denial of the certainty which had suddenly appeared before his eyes. He stopped without explaining why he stopped, and made a step onwards in a confused and bewildered way. Henceforward Lauderdale had nothing to do with it. It was Colin himself as the principal and contracting party who was concerned.

And the stranger, for his part, who had also seen the young man but once in his life, recognised Colin. It had only been for a moment, and it was nearly four years ago, but still Mr. Meredith knew, when he saw him, the young man whom he had bidden to begone for a fortune-hunter; who had closed his son's eyes, and laid Arthur in his grave; and given to Alice in her desolation the tenderest guardianship. He did not know Lauderdale, who had his share in all but the last act of that sad little domestic drama; but he recognised Colin by intuition. He came forward to him with the courtesy of a man whom necessity compels to change all his tactics. "Mr. Campbell, I think?" he said. "I feel that I cannot be mistaken. Alice was sure she saw you on the road. I came back after I had taken her home, to try whether I could meet you. Will you do me the favour to introduce me to your friend. I believe I am almost as much indebted to him as to you."

"There is no debt on one side or the other," said Lauderdale, interposing, for Colin found it difficult to speak. "Tell us how she is, which is far more important. We heard her give a cry, and since then we've been hurrying on to see."

"She is not at all well," said Mr. Meredith. "I hope you will consent to gratify my daughter by going back to dine with me. My house is close by here, and I came on purpose. Mr. Campbell, you may think you have a just grievance against me. I hope you will overlook it at present, and hear my explanation afterwards. We can never be sufficiently grateful for all you have done for my son, both before his death

and after. It was a terrible dispensation of Providence; but I cannot be thankful enough that my poor boy lived to produce a work which has been of value to so many; and but for you it never could have been successfully published. My dear sir, I hope you will not suffer any personal feeling to me—I beg you to believe that what I said was said in ignorance—I mean, I trust that you will not refuse to gratify Alice. She is almost all I have left," Mr. Meredith said, with a faltering voice. "I have had great losses in my family. She has not been so much interested about anything for a long time. You will come with me, will you not, for Arthur's and for my daughter's sake?"

If any man could have said No to that appeal, Colin was not the man. He made little answer except by a bow, and Mr. Meredith turned with them, and they all got into the country vehicle at the door of the little inn, and drove off silent enough to the house where Alice was awaiting them. Colin had scarcely a word to say as he drove along by her father's side. The gaiety, and freedom, and happy thoughts with which he had set out on his journey seemed to detach themselves from his mind, and abandon him one by one. His fate had encountered him where he had least expectation of meeting it. And yet at the same time a compunction awoke in his heart to think that it was in this way, like a captive brought back to her presence, that the man whom Alice loved was going to her. He could have felt aggrieved and angry for her sake, if the claim of his own reluctance and dread had not been nearer, and gained upon the more generous feeling. And yet withal he had a longing to see her, a kind of inclination to carry her off from this man, who had but a secondary claim upon her, and heal and cherish the wounded dove. It was this singular chance which changed the course of the excursion which the two friends had planned into the lake country, and made that holiday expedition of so much importance in the history of Colin's life.

*To be continued.*

## WAITING.

Under the silent trees,  
Here in the noontide glow,  
Watching the winding Line  
Threading the valley below ;

Waiting for one who is coming  
Hitherward, early to-day—  
Fair as a lily in moonlight,  
Sweeter than milk-white may.

Near me the river flows  
Silently on, like Love:  
Yonder the kingfisher dips,  
Dragon-flies glisten above.

Leaves are green, and the blue  
Is soft as a wing overhead ;  
Shoots, like a beam, the trout  
O'er the gold of the river's bed.

How have I longed for to-day,  
With an aching void at my heart—  
Can I believe she is coming,  
Never again to depart ?

Grant it, O thou bright Heaven !  
For life without her at best  
Is a weary, aimless dream,  
Dreamed in a night of unrest.

Yonder the quick white steam—  
Oh ! should she not be there !  
Peace, wild heart, for I see  
The gleam of her golden hair !

## ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

HILL OF TRUE PERSPECTIVE IN ART  
AND LIFE.

IT has been said that the incidents of the homeliest and least eventful life, if they were only set down faithfully and honestly, would be read with interest and instruction by the world. And, of course, this dictum has some measure of truth in it. The main hopes and fears of all men are similar. Human lives are dramas in which the actors are the same, the stage is the same ; it is only the scenery and dresses which are different.

But, when it is said that a narration of the homely details of common life would be of interest to us all, I think it must be understood that these details shall be rendered in their true perspective. And it is in this art that the ordinary run of narratives, whether fact or fiction, is so deficient. The writers of them have not, as a rule, that seeing eye which can take in a *whole*, as well as its minutest parts, in their true relationship to each other and to that

whole. They have, for the most part, either the fly's eye, which sees individual parts, and parts only, or the eagle's, which takes in a hemisphere, but with all its details blurred and confused. It was only a few days back that I was looking at a work of fiction which lay on the drawing-room table, which professed to give the fortunes of a family of young folk growing up around their father, a widower, who lived in a small country town, and, being a man of business, left them to shift very much for themselves. The interest of the book, of course, lay in the development of character in the children under such circumstances. But the dialogue—and the book was mainly dialogue—through which this was to be worked out was in some places out of all perspective. I will give an instance of what I mean from memory. Scene—the breakfast-table; elder sister cutting bread and butter. Elder brother speaks:—  
“ Emily, why will you cut the bread  
“ and butter so thick ! if it fell down on  
“ the children's toes I am sure it would

"break them." Emily goes on cutting bread and butter. "Pray, John, get up and stir the fire, and make yourself useful; we all know you are ornamental enough. By the way, did the Joneses call yesterday, when I was out?—do any of you know? Amelia said something about it when I saw her last week. But the Tomkinsons are with them, and that might have," &c. &c. Now, no doubt this sort of talk goes on, more or less, at every breakfast-table in the United Kingdom. But it has no business to be written down in a work of fiction. A novel is the epitome of events which run over many years, perhaps a whole life-time; and to give in a novel the daily twaddle which is talked by all civilized beings is to write out of all perspective. Man, indeed, can no more live upon concentrated talk than he can upon concentrated meat. The essence of meat must be taken with a bulk of other food to be nourishing; and in every life strong thought expressed in words must be diluted with a certain amount of twaddle about the weather, about the crops, about friends. But with this sort of talk the novelist has no business, unless, indeed, he wishes to present us with the character of a silly person, who never says a wise thing; but then, at least, he should make the talk of that person absurd and grotesque, and so amusing. A novel, as I have said, is generally the epitome of a life-time, the events of years to be concentrated into the reading of an hour or two; and the first rule of a good epitome should be that, whilst every event is given on a smaller scale, it shall still preserve its relative position with regard to every other event, and so the whole picture be set before us in its true perspective. To see and describe the true relationship between events and persons is the characteristic of genius.

In painting the same rule holds good. The learner's colouring is feeble because he forgets that he has to concentrate, on a few square inches of paper, the colour which in nature was diffused over whole miles of landscape.

And, indeed, I was led into this train of thought by a sketch which my little boy (ætat. four) showed me just now upon his slate—the portrait of a dog, and a very fat dog too, which is his constant companion and devoted slave. This portrait he had given, and not unskilfully, I think, with two strokes of his pencil, an inner circle and an outer, which stood for the dog's head and body. And it seemed to me that he gave the idea of a fat and lazy dog very happily, considering the means which he employed. At any rate, his perspective was true and right.

We are told that rules for teaching perspective are not of much practical use to the artist. Such rules are to be found, I believe, in most drawing-books. But I fancy that all which students of art in general care to know about perspective is supplied by that common-sense rule which teaches that the farther an object is removed from the spectator the smaller it becomes. And, *teste* Mr. Ruskin, the painters and architects of the day have no larger acquaintance with perspective than this. He declares that, with the exception of Mr. Roberts's pictures (alas, that we must say *Fuit!*), he has scarcely ever seen an architectural picture or drawing on the walls of the Academy which was in true perspective, and that he has never met but with two men in his life who knew enough of perspective to draw a Gothic arch in a retiring plane, so that its lateral dimensions and curvatures could be calculated to scale from the drawing.

But I beg to observe that this is a moral essay, and not a treatise upon the fine arts. And, from a moral standpoint, a true perspective, whether in art or life, is a matter of no little consequence. Now, to obtain a true perspective in life seems to me to call into play that faculty of the seeing eye—alas, how rare a faculty it is!—which looks upon things and facts as they really are, and notes the relationship which exists between them. And a true perspective in art seems to be the work of a faculty, no less rare, which enables men to describe things as they



are; to set them down in their true positions without distortion or exaggeration. Both these faculties, then, it will be seen—the one receptive, and the other productive—are nearly allied to veracity, to that virtue which “trows the truth.”

There are some people unfortunately so constituted that it is almost impossible for them to take a true view of things or persons. There are, at any rate, certain facts and certain persons whom they can only look at through a distorting medium. They choose to live in low and marshy ground, where the river mists crawl and reek; and, looking up through these mists, they see a poor innocent sheep grazing upon the hill-sides above, and straightway declare that it is a wild beast of prey. These are people of strong prejudices. They take likes and dislikes to certain of their acquaintance; one half of whom can do no wrong, whilst the other half can never do right. They see nothing in its true perspective, because every action is deflected and thrown out of its place by the distorting medium through which they view it. There is another class of persons, who, if they throw the truth, can never for the lives of them utter it. Their minds are like a piece of Labrador spar, and distort every image that passes through. If they have to relate any incident or series of incidents, they cannot place the facts before you in their true perspective, but jumble them all together, till they seem like a

pack of cards which a child has been building houses with to knock down again. And this is done either through perverseness of disposition—the love of magnifying facts, which is, indeed, in other words, lying—or more commonly, perhaps, through puzzle-headedness. “My dear madam,” said Johnson in his bow-wow manner to poor Mrs. Thrale, who was an offender after this sort, “do have more regard to veracity. Accustom your children constantly to this: if a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them. You do not know where deviation from truth will end.”

Under certain circumstances it sometimes happens that all things about us appear out of perspective. Little worries become great worries. We begin to look with suspicion on our friends’ sayings and doings. We fancy evil where no evil is. This sometimes happens to people who live retired lives, who have shut themselves up much alone, whether for brain-work or idleness; and it is, of course, a very dangerous and unwholesome state for the mind to be in. As far as I know, there is but one cure for the disease—change of scene and occupation. Blessings on railways and tourists’ tickets! A change even for a few days will set all to rights, restore the balance of the mind, and place things in their true perspective.

## THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION FOR BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.<sup>1</sup>

A UNION of the provinces of British North America under a new constitu-

tion, is a subject of which it may be said, not as a hackneyed phrase, but in earnest, that its importance needs no exaggeration. Perhaps, in most minds, it derives a part of its interest from the tacit conviction that it is a step towards a further change.

No further change, however, is contemplated, professedly at least, by the

<sup>1</sup> Report of Resolutions adopted at a Conference of Delegates from the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and the Colonies of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, held at the city of Quebec, 10th October, 1864, as the basis of a proposed Confederation of those Provinces and Colonies.

framers of the document, but the reverse. One of their assigned motives for adopting the particular constitution which they select, is the desire of "perpetuating the connexion of the colonies with the mother country." And, in fact, the scheme which they have proposed is based on the continuance of the connexion, and, if it was removed, would necessarily fall to the ground. For no Executive government is provided but that which "is vested in the Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." It is true that this government is "to be administered according to the well-understood principles of the British constitution;" in plain English, that the name of the Crown or its representative is to be a mere mask, under which the real power is to be exercised by the heads of the dominant party in the colonies: but, as will appear hereafter, the mask is indispensable. Its removal would reveal what few would care to embrace.

We do not propose here to discuss the political connexion of the colonies in general, or that of the North American colonies in particular, with the mother country. But, before the connexion is solemnly ratified anew, and the future prosperity of a great community built upon that foundation, let the question be fairly and manfully looked in the face. These colonies are separated from us by three thousand miles of ocean. They are inaccessible for the purposes of military co-operation during nearly half the year. They are brought into intimate relations, diplomatic and commercial, with the communities of a different continent from ours. Their fundamental institutions—the principle of social and political equality, the absence of hereditary rank, of primogeniture and entails, their free churches and common schools,—are essentially those of the New, not those of the Old World. They are so far from being identified with us in commercial interest that they impose protective duties on our goods. At the present moment, both the mother-country and the colony are brought by the connexion into gratuitous peril: for

the angry Americans, though they have no desire for Canada as a territorial acquisition, are tempted to pick quarrels with us by its opportuneness as a battlefield; while the Canadians would be perfectly safe if they were not involved in the danger of a collision between us and the Americans. The hope of a Canadian force, able fairly to share with us the burden of defence, must by this time have passed away. The Canadians will not bear the taxation requisite for a regular army; and, in a country where the people are so thinly scattered and so much occupied, an effective militia or volunteer force is almost out of the question. On the other hand, supposing the political connexion to be dissolved, all the effective ties of kinship would remain; nor does there seem to be any objection to our abrogating, as against Canadians, all the legal and political disabilities of aliens, so that a Canadian coming to reside in England might be at once, in every respect, an English citizen. Under these circumstances, does not true wisdom, with which sound sentiment is never at variance, dictate the friendly and cautious termination of the present connexion? This is the question which it is the duty—the hard duty, no doubt—of those who have the destinies of the two communities in their keeping now to determine; and to determine with reference to the real interests of those concerned, not under the influence of mere tradition, mere phrases, or such empty fancies as the notion of *prestige*. Does the "*prestige*" of having the defence of Canada on our hands at this moment form a safeguard, in the opinion of any human being, against the danger which is present to every one's mind, and the occurrence of which was easily foreseen from the commencement of the great volcanic eruption in the adjoining States?

To proceed to the projected constitution. The first clause proposes a *federal* union of the colonies; and the next clause speaks of the *federation* of the British North American Provinces. But the third clause avows the desire, in framing the scheme of Government, "to

"follow the model of the British constitution, so far as circumstances will permit." Now the British constitution is not the constitution of a federal union, or of a federation, but of a kingdom. There is a good deal of local government exercised under the authority of the sovereign power; but Great Britain is, nevertheless, a kingdom and not a federation. If, therefore, the framers of the Canadian constitution really intend to create a federation, the model which they have chosen for their constitution would seem inapplicable to their case.<sup>1</sup>

The fact, however, seems to be, that they intend to create not a federation, but a kingdom, and practically to extinguish the independent existence of the several provinces. The governors of the provinces, instead of being elected like those of the American States, are to be appointed by the Central Government; the Central Government is to have the power of disallowing any Bills which the local legislature may pass; and though the powers bestowed on those legislatures are considerable, they are not very materially greater, in their practical scope, and regard being had to this central power of disallowance, than those delegated to local authorities in the United Kingdom. But the apprehension of some sentiment of independence in the several provinces, based, perhaps, on certain peculiarities of interest, leads the framers of the constitution to stop short in their work, and, instead of avowing and carrying out the design of an incorporating union, to adopt the phraseology, and, to some extent, the actual structure of a federation. They hope, no doubt, that the course of events will practically decide the ambiguity in favour of the incorporating union. So did the statesmen who formed the constitution of the United States. And the result is, that a large portion of the Southern people (those not immediately interested in slavery) are fighting like demons for State independence, not

without the sympathy of a considerable minority at the North, while the majority of the Northerners are struggling to put them down as rebels.

The sentiment of provincial independence among the several provinces of British North America is at this moment merged in the desire of combining against the common danger, which their unwise exhibition of antipathy to the Americans, and their improvident encouragement of Southern refugees, have contributed to create. But, when the danger is overpast, divergent interests may reappear, and the sentiment of independence may revive. This will probably be the case, especially in the French and Catholic province. The framers of the constitution, therefore, ought not to evade the difficulty of deciding clearly between a federation and a kingdom, and thus to leave the object of the citizens' ultimate allegiance in ambiguity, in the confidence, based on the present state of feeling, that all will hereafter settle itself in the right way.

If we look not to the mere tendency of the hour, but to the permanent interests of these colonies, there is, perhaps, not a little to be said in favour of a real federation, as a constitution for communities occupying a vast extent of territory, with necessarily a good many varieties of interest, and probably of character, but in need of mutual protection against enemies without, and of internal tranquillity and free trade. This arrangement combines independence, emulation, comparative experience, all that is valuable (or rather invaluable) in numerous centres of civilization, with all that can be rationally desired in a consolidated empire. It is not, like an empire, suited for the purposes of aggression, because, happily, a group of states have seldom a common interest in an aggressive enterprise, but historical experience shows that it is well suited for the purposes of defence; for the four great federations, the Achaean, the Swiss, that of the United Provinces, and that of the American colonies, all had their origin in memorable defences; and, if the

<sup>1</sup> They would do well to read the opening chapter of Mr. Freeman's *History of Federal Governments*, where the character of such Governments is thoroughly explained.

Achæan League was not positively successful in repulsing the overwhelming power which assailed it, it was successful compared with the great monarchies of the time—even the Macedonian—and enjoyed before it fell a period of happiness and glory.<sup>1</sup> The tendency of the Teutonic race, as the stronger and more independent, has been, both in the old world and the new, towards federal government, though in the old world the tendency has been a good deal thwarted by the pressure of military necessities; while the tendency of the weaker Celt has been, and seems to be almost incurably, towards the centralization from which he derives collective strength, or rather force, at the expense of all the higher objects of human association. A federal union also most easily admits of the peaceful extension of territory, a prospect which of course opens before the North American Confederation as well as before the United States. Finally, it leaves everything more open and susceptible of modification; an advantage not apt to be appreciated by the framers of constitutions, but, nevertheless, a considerable one in the case of a continent which is still in course of settlement, and the final divisions and arrangement of which cannot at present be certainly foreseen. It would be somewhat rash, at least, to assert positively that Nature will finally ratify the political accident which has cut off from the rest of the continent the long ribbon of territory stretching from Nova Scotia to the British Colonies on the Northern Pacific.

<sup>1</sup> "How practically efficient the federal principle was in maintaining the strength and freedom of the nation is best shown by the bitter hatred which it caused, first in the Macedonian kings, and then in the Roman senate. It was no contemptible political system against which so many kings and consuls successively conspired; it was no weak bond which the subtlest of all diplomatic senates expended so many intrigues and stratagems to unloose."—*Freeman's History of Federal Governments*, vol. i. (on the *Greek Federations*), p. 710. And see the quotation from Justin in the note. Kent absurdly includes the Amphictyonic League among his instances of the weakness of Federations.

Hamilton, the principal framer of the Washingtonian constitution, was a man of great ability, and of great though honourable ambition, who had been accustomed through the Revolution to act upon an ample scene. He aspired to found a great national Government, the rival of the great national Governments of Europe, in the administration of which a first-rate statesman might find full scope for his capacity. He did not know, and could hardly be expected to know, that as civilization advances the importance and dignity of government, the function of which is compulsion, diminish, while those of voluntary association and spontaneous action increase. Nor, as the position selected for his national capital shows, did he anticipate the extension of the United States beyond the limits hitherto assigned by nature to a centralized nation. His destined capital, the "city of magnificent distances," stands a ghastly and ridiculous monument of his mistake. That his political structure was conceived in error is a fact not so palpable, yet, perhaps, not less certain. There is nothing in the world so sound as American society, with its intimate union of all classes, its general diffusion of property, its common schools, and its free religion. The danger of communism, or of anything like a war of classes, is never felt; and even strikes were almost unknown till the Legal Tender Act multiplied them by causing a frightful derangement of prices. The local institutions also, in which the people administer their own affairs, or elect officers to act under the eye of the constituency and in conjunction with it, are perfectly healthy, and form, in themselves and by their effect in training the political character of the people, the sheet-anchor of the constitution.<sup>1</sup> But the central institutions are full of faction and corruption. In a busy community, which, happily for itself, has no idle class of hereditary

<sup>1</sup> The municipality of New York is very corrupt: but New York with its great Irish and German mob is quite an exceptional case, though regarded by newspaper correspondents and their readers as the type of America.

proprietors, the most respectable citizens, under ordinary circumstances, when there is no great question on foot and no great call for patriotic exertion, are too much occupied in their own commercial and domestic concerns to be candidates for an office which would oblige them to reside at the capital. Their places are taken by a class of professional politicians, needy men for the most part, who too often go to Washington to make the fortunes which others are making through industry, by the trade of political intrigue. The character and habits of these men, the machinery of caucuses and wire-pulling by which their system is carried on, and the general tone of the newspaper press which ministers to their competition for place, still further repel the best men from the political sphere. It is not astonishing that those who come in contact only with the politicians of America, or with what emanates from the politicians, should form, as they are apt to do, a ludicrously unjust estimate of the American people.

The framers of the scheme before us style their work a copy of the British constitution; but, as a plan of a central government for a federation, it may be called rather a copy of the constitution of the United States. Ottawa, as a factitious capital, is the exact counterpart of Washington; and at Ottawa, as at Washington, we shall too probably see the least worthy citizens of the Federation collected together, during several months in each year, without even the tempering and restraining influences which the mixed society of a real capital affords, an unadulterated element of professional politicians, devoting their whole time to the undivided work of corruption and intrigue.

If the Federation is to have a central government and a capital, the question should at all events be considered whether it is not desirable to place the capital in a city, such as Montreal, where there will be some social interests and influences, to temper the pursuits of which Willard's Hotel and the boarding-houses at Washington are the

classic scene. Even the amenities of Washington debate might be a little controlled by the presence of a more enlarged and cultivated circle in the gallery.

A writer, himself a colonist, and one who has had considerable experience in colonial politics, lays it down as one of a series of axioms for the guidance of colonial legislators, "that it is a fallacy to assume that there will be found in the colonies, as in England, a class of statesmen sufficiently above the influence of sordid motives to take the management of public affairs from public spirit and patriotic motives alone; or that men who, by securing the votes of the majority of a colonial legislature, can obtain the handling of the colonial revenue, and the dispensing of the patronage of office, in addition to the distinction which it confers, will scruple at any sacrifice of the public interests which may be necessary to secure those objects." If there is any truth in this somewhat plain-spoken summary of a colonist's political experience, it betokens no vice or malady in colonial society, but, on the contrary, a general prevalence of industry, and an equal diffusion of wealth. It does, however, make it desirable, before instituting a great central government with a vast amount of patronage, and an unlimited command of money, to pause and inquire, whether under the existing conditions of colonial society competent and disinterested candidates for the places in that government are likely to be found. If they are not, it might be a sounder, though a less imposing policy, to be content with a simple federation for the purpose of mutual protection, confining the Federal Assembly to purely federal functions, giving its members as little patronage as possible, and assigning to them only the power of calling for the necessary contingents from the different States in place of the power of raising taxes by their own authority, and expending them with their own hands.

These reflections press upon us with peculiar force when we observe the



extensiveness of the powers assigned to the General Parliament in relation to public works:—"Lines of steam or other ships, railways, canals, and other works, connecting any two or more of the provinces together, or extending beyond the limits of any province;" "lines of steamships between the federal provinces and other countries;" "telegraph communication and the incorporation of telegraph companies." All these, and the patronage connected with them, together with an unlimited power of borrowing money, as well as of raising it by taxation, are to be assigned to that particular class of men who in America and the colonies seek their fortune in political life. And their powers are extended by a sweeping provision to "all such works as shall, although lying wholly within any province, be specially declared by the Acts authorizing them to be for the general advantage." Either the Canadian press is extremely calumnious, or the apprehensions which on perusing these clauses reason suggests will not be dispelled by reference to experience. The members of the British House of Lords are not needy men, and their virtue is fortified by every safeguard which their own position or the sensitiveness of public opinion can afford; yet they and the county members used the political power entrusted to them in extorting "compensation" and other advantages from railway companies to an extent which reminded the world of feudal barons levying black mail on passengers along the Rhine; while the history of the Galway contract is a pretty strong proof that "lines of steam or other ships," as well as land communications, may produce political combinations not exclusively directed to the promotion of the public service. The apprehension that provincial intelligence and the interest of the companies will not suffice to secure connexion between lines of railroad without the control of a central authority, seems to be unfounded; since even the independent nations of Europe have managed to arrange an international system of railways, of which no great complaint is

made; and the service between London and Paris is as speedy and convenient as though the line of road and packets had been laid down by an European Congress. Federal fortifications, and other military or naval defences, are, in truth, the only kind of public works which it is obviously necessary to place in federal hands.

The advocates of a simple federation will probably be met by objections derived from the present state of affairs in Germany and the United States: but the first of these examples is, in truth, irrelevant, while the moral of the second, if it be closely looked into, is the opposite of that which, at first sight, it may appear to be. In the case of Germany, the federation is completely overridden and in effect destroyed by the domineering influence of two great military monarchies, the territories of one of which, Austria, are mainly situated outside of the confederacy, and form the fulcrum of a force external to federal interests, though exerted with tyrannical effect in the federal councils. There is no reason to believe that, abstracted from these alien elements, and considered in its natural operation, the federal compact fails to answer the purpose of its institution. As to the American Confederation, it may be thought, on a superficial view, that the present disruption is caused by the looseness of the tie; and such evidently is the prevalent notion among the Americans themselves, who are at this moment bent upon the abolition of State rights, and the exaltation of the Central Legislature and Government. But the fact is the very reverse. Had the United States been a simple federation, with a federal council limited in its functions to strictly federal subjects, Slavery, the subject on which they have split, never would have been a national question; nor would it have given rise to a struggle between national parties, culminating in a national election. Humanity can hardly deplore anything which has led practically to the destruction of slavery: but the moral to be deduced by the framers of

constitutions from that which has taken place in the United States is that, where divergent interests or tendencies in relation to questions other than those of peace and war exist among the members of a confederacy, despotic coercion being out of the question in an association formed on the principle of freedom, the safeguard against disruption is to be sought in local independence rather than in centralization—in the elasticity rather than in the tightness of the federal bond.

The framers express their desire to follow the model of the British constitution so far as their circumstances will permit. Their circumstances are those of an American community, which, like the other Anglo-Saxon communities of America, has left behind it, in its passage over the ocean, the ceremonies of the feudal system—hereditary aristocracy, primogeniture, entails, and the Established Church—institutions peculiarly characteristic of the structure of British society, to which, under the general law connecting the political system of a nation with its social state, the British constitution is adapted. The Established Church has been deliberately rejected by the Canadians; and aristocracy, the introduction of which was distinctly provided for by Mr. Pitt's Canadian Act, has been, if not deliberately rejected, decisively repelled by the nature of the case. In no form has the hereditary principle, so essential to the orthodox creed of British constitutionalists, found its way into the colonies; for the impotence of the hereditary sovereign, who receives at a distance the nominal homage of a self-governed dependency, is delegated to a representative on the spot; and this representative is not hereditary, but the nominee of those who represent the majority in the British Parliament for the time being.

The new North American Parliament is to consist of two Houses. The Upper House is called the Legislative Council; the Lower House is called the House of Commons—a relative term, in itself unmeaning, to which the authors of the

scheme would probably think it too adventurous to give a meaning by calling the Upper House a House of Lords.

The members of the Legislative Council are to hold their seats for life, and are to be nominated by the Executive. This arrangement certainly avoids the objection to which a double chamber in a popular government is generally liable as a futile attempt to make the sovereign people put a check upon itself, which is apt to result rather in a dissipation of the sense of responsibility than in the imposition of a real restraint upon the action of the Lower House. But, on the other hand, it is one the nature and consequences of which ought to be fairly looked in the face before it is irrevocably adopted. It involves, as was before hinted, an important, though indirect, and, perhaps, unconscious fulfilment of the wish expressed by the framers to perpetuate the connexion of the dependency with the mother country. The absolute nomination of a whole branch of the Legislature by the Executive may, perhaps, be endured while the power is exercised by the representative of a monarch, and in the monarch's name. But such a power, exercised by the Executive nakedly and without disguise, would scarcely be tolerated by any community accustomed to responsible government and attached to popular liberty. If the governor-general should ever be withdrawn, this part of the constitution remaining as it was, nobody could step into his place but a king.

The members of the Council are required to have a continuing qualification of four thousand dollars; and (except in the case of Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland) it is to be in real property. The political distinction between real and personal property was, of course, intelligible enough in feudal times, and as connected with feudal duties and services; and it is not surprising that it should be found remaining, together with other traces of feudalism, in the semi-feudal constitution of England. But with reference to modern institutions it would seem to be obsolete,

and devoid of meaning. Real property no longer discharges any duties to the State which are not discharged equally by personal property; and the holder of a sum in railway stock, or (still more palpably) the holder of a sum in the public funds, has just as great a stake in the welfare of the country, and offers as sufficient a guarantee in every way for his integrity and patriotism, as the holder of an equal sum in land. Even in England this fact has been perceived, and not only have we accepted chattel interests in land as property qualifications, but the recent projects of parliamentary reform have contemplated the admission of stock and deposits likewise. And assuredly it is not on the ground of special certainty or stability that, in a colony like Canada, political distinctions in favour of real property ought to be drawn: for there are few places, we apprehend, where the value of land and houses is more uncertain and variable. The value of real property in Toronto, for example, has fluctuated enormously within the last twenty years. Any kind of stock or funds would, in truth, have been a far more solid possession. But there seems to be a notion that because land itself is stable, property in it, though it may be the wildest of all possible speculations, is stable also: a mere illusion, as we need scarcely observe.

The object, however, of this peculiar provision is no doubt to be explained simply by the desire of imitating the British constitution. It is an attempt on the part of the framers to create a territorial aristocracy, so far as their circumstances will permit. Perhaps they are scarcely aware how adverse those circumstances are, or how truly their instinct guided them when they refrained from styling their Legislative Council a House of Lords. In England we have a social and proprietary order of men really eminent for wealth as the holders of large, entailed, and in many cases ancestral, estates. Out of this number the bulk of our peers are chosen; and they have a real qualification as members of a great plutocracy (for that is the true designation of the

body), independent of their mere nomination by a Minister of the Crown. In a colony such as Canada, no such proprietary or social order exists; no set of men there are really eminent for wealth; no property is ancestral or entailed; and the riches even of the wealthiest are but the creation of the day, which in the strange vicissitudes of colonial trade may again vanish on the morrow. The highest property qualification which the framers of the Constitution venture to name is for their purpose almost a nullity. Twenty thousand a year strictly entailed is wealth if it is not merit. Four thousand dollars a year is neither wealth nor merit. The qualification of persons who have no higher territorial position than this will rest upon the minister's nomination, and upon that alone.

It is constantly said by the advocates of the House of Lords that it is a representative institution; and this statement is true in a very important, though not in the most popular sense. The members of the House of Lords do represent, and most effectually represent, the interests of the great class of landlords, upon the support of which, as well as on their personal wealth and position, their authority is based. In a colony there is no such class, and therefore the strength derived by the House of Lords from its virtually representative character would be entirely wanting to the Legislative Council.

It will perhaps be said that in the case of a House not hereditary, but consisting entirely of members nominated for life, there will at all events be no "tenth-transmitters of a foolish force;" and that personal merit will supply the place of territorial and social distinction. But, unless a complete change comes over the political spirit of these communities, the chief seat of power, and the scene of the great party struggles, will always be in the popular branch of the Legislature, and a minister will not be able to afford the removal of his most effective supporters into the Upper House. The most he will be able to afford to that calm repository will probably be respectable mediocrity and

superannuation ; and, if a more powerful man sometimes demands a nomination as the price of support at a political crisis, this will not materially mend the matter. Cromwell, as Protector, finding his Parliament difficult to manage, thought to alleviate the difficulty by creating an Upper House of nominees, into which, to give it respectability, he was obliged to transfer his most eminent supporters. The consequence was, that the Lower House became utterly uncontrollable, and the Parliament broke up in a storm.

"The elective constitution of the Upper House," says Mr. Thring, in his recent pamphlet on Colonial Reform, "is a matter of necessity. No other way can be devised of preventing gratings between the two Houses, that may retard, and at last put out of gear, the whole machinery of government. No system of nomination will create a House of Peers, with its traditions, its experience, and its ancient prestige." It is believed that, where nominee councils have been tried in the colonies, the result of the experiment attests the truth of Mr. Thring's position.

The property qualification of the members of the Council, as was said, is to be continuous : on its failure (an incident too common amidst the changes and chances of colonial life) the member is to forfeit his seat and his position. The constitution provides that, if any question arises as to the qualification of a councillor, it shall be determined by the Council ; and it is not very likely that those who sail in the same somewhat fragile bark will be extreme to mark the failure of their colleague's qualification, unless it be in a time of great party excitement. Otherwise it is hard to imagine a severer test of a man's veracity and integrity than a law threatening him with what would be in fact a penal degradation upon his ceasing to make a return of his income above a certain amount. Our own property qualification for the House of Commons was relinquished, it is believed, partly on the ground that the qualifications tendered were sometimes of a merely colourable kind.

There seems good reason to doubt whether Providence, in ordering the course of man's political development, has willed that aristocracy should be extended to the New World, which appears to present on the one hand none of the conditions historically known as essential to the existence of such an institution ; and, on the other hand, none of the political exigencies which, in the progress of a feudal monarchy in Europe towards constitutional liberty, the action of the nobility, as an intermediate power between the king and the people, unquestionably supplied. And, if this institution is really alien to these communities, it will be, when infused into their veins, a political and social poison, which nature may perhaps expel by an effort as violent and terrible as that by which the poison of slavery is now being thrown off. It behoves the legislator, therefore, before he takes any step in this direction, to cast all prejudice and everything that is merely of the hour aside, and deliberately to assure himself that his work will be permanently good.

There lies before us a pile—literally a pile—of documents, embodying the recent constitutions of European notions framed in mistaken and unseasonable imitation of the institutions which political circumstances of a very peculiar kind have established in this country, and the balance of which a national temperament almost equally peculiar enables our people to preserve. Europe is covered with the wreck of these imitations, and, what is still more deplorable, with the wreck of political faith. After ages will moralize on the hallucination under which an exceptional and transitional state of things, marking the last phase in the existence of an old feudal monarchy, has been regarded, and confidently propagated, as the normal and final state of man. The result in each case is that affairs have come or are coming to a dead-lock, through which a way is violently made, according to the relative magnitude of the political forces entangled in it, either by popular revolution or military usurpation. In the case of British North America, if an

Executive with a nominee senate is placed in opposition to a popular assembly, the Executive having no standing army, the chances are that when the nominee senate has become sufficiently obstructive and corrupt to provoke general hatred, the Government will be overturned.

It has been hinted that the arrangement of two chambers in a popular government is futile as an attempt to make the sovereign people, whose will is inevitably supreme, place a check upon itself. It is perfectly true that this arrangement is in fashion, and that in some of the States of America, where there was not originally a second chamber, it has been adopted after experience of the other plan. But the virtue of the double chamber really lies, it is apprehended, not in its being double, but in the different periods for which the members of the two Houses are elected. While this is the case, though the whole Legislature is an emanation of the will of the people, and will be so, contrive what machinery you will, it is not an emanation from their momentary passion. The surest way to secure this vital object is to avoid general elections. In the early period of our constitution the King and his Council were the Government: the Parliament was summoned only to confer with them on special subjects, and to grant them supplies in special exigencies; and general elections were then natural and harmless. Now, the Parliament is the Government, the Cabinet being in fact a standing committee of its members; and the system which exposes the whole Government to the liability of being changed in an hour under the influence of a transient gust of national opinion is a manifest evil. The mischief is completed by the practice of penal dissolutions. Both practices are faithfully adopted into the British American constitution.

Government by party, according to the English model, is also distinctly contemplated; for a rather *naïve* provision is made that the claims of the Opposition shall not be overlooked in the first appointment of members to the Legislative Council. The parties of

England are great historical parties, and embody real principles; or rather, the Liberal party represents the modern and Protestant element of the nation in its protracted and wavering effort to throw off the remains of the feudal system, and place society and religion on a rational foundation. This both lends stability to the parties and to the governments which they produce, and saves their conflict from degenerating into a merely factious or mercenary struggle for place and power. In colonies there are no historical parties, nor, as the feudal principles on which the Tory party rests have never obtained a footing, is there any difference of principle, on which a real party division can be based. The so-called parties are consequently mere cabals, and, if a tithe of what the colonial journals say is to be believed, cabals, not only of the most factious, but of the most mercenary kind. The governments which emanate from these are for the same reason totally devoid of stability; and if any really great questions were concerned the consequences would be disastrous. In the United States, in like manner, the parties were devoid of significance and dignity till the question of slavery, long suppressed and excluded from legislative discussion, forced itself into the foreground, when the struggle of factions for office merged at once in a civil war. The frequent changes of government, which characterize all the British colonies, were prevented in the case of the United States by the existence of an Executive emanating from the popular will, independently of the Legislature, and powerful enough to carry on the administration for its four years of office by its own authority, even in the teeth of an adverse majority in Congress.

The executive government is, in words before quoted, "vested in the sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," and is "to be administered according to the well-understood principles of the British constitution, by the sovereign personally, or by the representative of the sovereign duly authorized."



The authors of this solemn declaration know perfectly well that they would never permit the representative of the British sovereign, much less the sovereign personally, to perform a single act of government. In England, their original seat, these constitutional fictions, tacitly interpreted by practice, are comparatively unobjectionable. They are analogous to the legal fictions by which the spirit of our old law was liberalized, when prejudice would not permit an alteration of its consecrated forms. But when they are transplanted, and embodied in the written enactments of a new constitution, they become at once degrading and injurious. Put the reality in place of the figment in the case before us—say, in plain and honest terms, that an executive power of limits undefined by the constitution, together with the power of nominating the Upper House of the Legislature, shall be vested in the leader of the party having the majority for the time being, whose acts shall be called those of the Crown—and the whole arrangement will assume a very different complexion. Politics are not so opposite in their nature to any other department of human action as to admit of the advantageous or even the innocuous use of hypocrisy and self-delusion.

And this brings us to the last point we have here to mention. The powers of the North American Parliament are expressed to be conferred with a due reservation of the "sovereignty of England." It has become necessary without further delay to ascertain in what, practically speaking, this sovereignty consists. We have referred to the pamphlet on Colonial Reform, by Mr. Thring, which comes into our hands while we are writing these remarks. Mr. Thring is, if we may venture to say so, under the full influence of the natural but delusive metaphor which has so deeply infected common ideas and general legislation respecting the colonies. Because England is in a poetical sense the mother of her colony, he, like other writers, thinks it necessary to provide a political apparatus for nursing and weaning the child; the truth being

that the English constituencies which make up the "mother country" are quite incapable of discharging maternal functions towards colonists far removed from the range of their observation and interest, and at least as intelligent and as fitted for self-government as themselves. But he distinctly sees that, so much having been recently conceded to the colonies, it must be settled what the mother country has retained for herself, and what authority she is to enjoy in return for the heavy expense and still more onerous danger of the connexion. His view of colonial independence is liberal enough, but among the powers which he reserves as essential to the sovereignty of the mother country is that of regulating commerce between the different colonies and other parts of Her Majesty's dominions. This he justly deems requisite "in order to prevent the imposition of improper duties on imports and exports, in contravention of free trade and common sense." That a British dependency claiming to be an integral part of the empire, and requiring to be defended as such by British arms, should impose protective duties on British goods, is surely not only injurious to the Imperial Government, but ignominious. Yet this Canada does, and she laughs all complaints to scorn. Assuredly a complete resettlement of the North American colonies ought not to be ratified without an express engagement, one way or the other, on this point.

Mr. Thring would also take security for the provision by the colony of a reasonable quota of men and money in case of war. He exercises his charity in finding an excuse for the absence in the present resolutions of any proposition to that effect. Hope is inextinguishable. We are now in the fifth year of the American civil war. We have been coaxing and scolding Canada, and she has been making the most gallant and satisfactory professions all the time. Mr. Thring can easily learn whether she has now, or whether there is any practical prospect of her having, a single man or gun ready to take the field.

GOLDWIN SMITH.